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TIES OF EARTH.

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When the young heart, expanding, flings
 Round kindred hearts its warm embrace,
But chief to one fair image clings,
 Throned in its secret idol place,
Then 'tis not strange that life we prize.
 We see not through the mist of years;
Hope's sunshine dancing in our eyes,
 What should we know of tears?

But why—ah! why? when left alone,
 To climb uncheered Time's rugged hill,
Love's idol broken on its throne,
 Which nothing left on earth can fill—
When one by one the gems of life
 Have all been shivered in our grasp—
Why should we hug the boon of strife,
 With nothing else to clasp?

Yet oft 'tis so, as nearer tends
 Dust to the dust it long hath trod,
The spirit Heaven to light it lends
 Cleaves trembling to the sordid clod—
Cleaves to the world, the empty world,
 And fears to cross the untried sea,
But stands aloof with pinions furled,
 While those it loved are free.

But not so I: when the dear band
 Whose hearts, whose thoughts, are linked to mine
Shall leave me pilgrim in a land
 That hath for me no worshiped shrine,
Oh, let them leave the gates of death
 Unbarred behind them as they fly!
Why should I wish to breathe, when breath
 Would be an endless sigh?

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED.

"Jasper," he said almost sternly, and drawing the shawl around Constance as if to shield her from other eyes save his own, "you here?"

"Yes," answered Jasper. "I have traveled post-haste. Adrien, I have important business—a matter of life and death."

He moved forward as he spoke, and the light falling on his smooth, clean face showed it to be so white and moved that Lady Constance fell back a step, and Adrien started with surprise.

"Important!" he repeated. "Life and death! Good Heavens, Jasper, no one is dead! The Duke is here—all I know or care for are in the room yonder. What is it—the theatre?" and a faint smile crossed his lips.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Jasper with a feverish gesture. "The theatre? No! Adrien, there is not a moment to lose. I must speak with you instantly. You smile, man, when you are in deadly peril."

At these words Constance sprang forward and grasped Adrien's arm. Jasper glanced at her—such a passionate, thirsty, hungry look as a starved wolf might cast at a lamb.

"Peril!" she repeated.

"Peril!" said Adrien, smiling still. "My good Jasper, what peril can I be in? This is the nineteenth century, and there are no assassins in England! However, let me take Lady Constance to the dance again, and then we will enjoy this little romance."

Jasper smiled bitterly and took out a watch.

"Adrien Leroy," he said, "you have ten minutes between you and—dishonor!"

Adrien turned, and raised his arm with such a changed face that Constance scarcely knew it.

"Adrien!" she cried, shuddering at the magnificent anger in his eyes, "he is mad!" Then to Jasper: "Go, sir, go! If this is a jest, it is a sorry one, for which you will receive all punishment. Go!"

"No," said Adrien, "it is no jest. There is something he has to say. Let him say it. Go, Constance," and, with a murmured word of endearment, he drew back the curtain for her.

With a pale face and trembling heart, Constance passed into the ballroom and seated herself near the entrance, overcome by a nameless fear, and that horrible helplessness which falls on us all when weighed down by suspense.

Suddenly she determined to seek the Baron, and rose to do so, when a short, sharp cry from the terrace sent the blood to her heart, and wrung a scream from her lips.

Instantly throughout the immense room there was a dead silence, which, falling so suddenly on the loud strains of the music, the talking and laughing, was indescribably fierce and appalling.

The next moment the grotesque crowd turned to the entrance from where the cry seemed to proceed, and there rose a great shout of astonishment and alarm; for through the opening, from which the sudden pressure had torn away the curtain, could be seen a strange group.

Adrien Leroy, in kingly costume and with kingly face, standing over the prostrate body of a man, while two others, with scraps of paper in their hands, were grasping his arms, and Mr. Jasper Vermont, near his side, kept back a fourth with his own arm.

"Adrien!" said the Baron as he came through the lane which the crowd had made for him, followed by the Duke, Lady Constance and the Marquis—"Adrien! what is this? By Heaven! am I mad or dreaming?" and he turned with blazing eyes from Adrien to Mr. Jasper Vermont, who, white as himself, avoided his fiery glance, and shook his head solemnly.

Adrien winced; but before he could speak the man behind Jasper Vermont stepped up, and, with grim stolidity, held out a strip of paper to the Baron and said:

"Sorry, my lord, to have to do this at such a moment; but duty is duty, as you know, my lord, and ——"

The Baron stared at him; then, evidently deaf as a post to what he was saying, struck the nearest of the men who held Adrien, and struck at the next, but the Marquis seized his arm.

"Unhand me!" roared the Baron. "I'll put an end to this mummery! Can't you speak, sir?" he cried hoarsely to Adrien.

"Father," said Adrien, turning to the staring, bewildered crowd, and then suddenly falling silent as his eyes met the dark, flashing ones of Lady Eveline, which were fixed on his face.

Before another word could be spoken, the man who had addressed the Baron before, evidently irritated by his reception, motioned to his men, and they closed round; then, speaking quickly, he raised his voice and said:

"It's no use, my lord; it must come out, I see. Gentlemen all, I arrest Mr. Leroy, in the Queen's name, on a charge of forgery!"

A cry of horror burst from the crowd.

"Forgery!" the dreadful word passed from mouth to mouth—aye, and eye to eye—as the gayly-dressed throng looked at one another aghast.

"Forgery!" cried the Duke, stepping forward, sternly.

"Forgery!" said the Baron with a ferocious laugh. "What mad folly is this! Adrien, is this a part of the evening's programme, an arranged tableau? Truly, well played, but a little too tragic in its mirth to suit my antiquated tastes. Gentlemen, I implore you lower the curtain!"

And with a fearful laugh he turned aside.

A dreadful silence fell upon every soul, for they saw that there was reality, a stern reality. The Duke, who had taken the strip of paper from the officer's hands and read it hastily, laid his strong palm upon the old man's shoulder, and muttered hoarsely:

"My lord, there is something in the men's madness I do not understand. Let them go," and he waved his hand to the crowd.

"No!" thundered the Baron, turning like a lion. "They shall stay and see the play to the end."

Then, in a voice hoarse with excitement and passion, he addressed Adrien:

"Now, sir, explain; let us have it all; or, by the Heaven above, I shall forget myself and you!"

Adrien beckoned to the men that he would make no attempt to escape, and quietly stepped forward.

All that saw him remembered afterwards that he had never looked so princely as at that moment of his degradation.

"My lord," he said, "I am arrested on a charge of forging the Duke de Rouen's signature to a bill for ten thousand pounds, on the twenty-second of last month."

As he spoke, his calm, mournful glance wandered for a moment to the restless eyes of the Undine.

"Well," said the Baron, drawing a long breath, but evidently making a great effort at restraint, "I may be arrested on a charge of stealing the crown jewels or burning the Houses of Parliament. It would be an excellent jest, but one that would speedily end."

"This is no jest," said Adrien as he looked at the Duke, who stood white, and seeming bewildered with surprise, at his side. "The Duke has acknowledged the signature to be a forgery. The writing has a resemblance to mine. There are three witnesses to prove that they saw me enter the house where the bill was signed, and a hundred who passed my carriage standing at the door of the office. All this, my lord, passes jest."

"Aye," said the Baron, "for a Leroy who can command a hundred thousand by a stroke of his pen to forge a bill for ten thousand is not jest, but madness. The charge is some insolent conspiracy—yours, sir, no doubt," and with a contempt indescribable he turned to Jasper, who all this time had stood motionless, his gray eyes glancing first at Adrien's calm, noble face, then at the restless eyes of Undine, and then at the white face of Lady Constance, who stood at Adrien's side and gazed round with a scorn unapproachable.

Adrien shook his head.

"No, sir; they have not wanted a motive. They tell me I wanted this money sorely, for I am ruined."

"Ruined!" exclaimed the Baron, for the first time permitting the scorn of his smile to wax faint. "Ruined! Great Heaven! the viper has turned at last, and I have lived to look on at your betrayal!"

Jasper stepped back slightly, for the old man had turned upon him with uplifted arm; but not to strike, for it fell to his side suddenly, and with a groan he sank against the balustrade.

There was a deadly silence, broken by the Duke, who, wiping the great beads of perspiration from his forehead, sprang round and grasped Adrien's hand.

"Adrien," he cried, "I can bear it no longer. Give this foul thing the lie, and let me fling these wretches over the terrace, or I shall go mad! I swear before Heaven that you did not write—I cannot utter it! I know that, as surely as that I did not write it myself, you know nothing of the cursed signature. O Adrien! explain it, give them the lie. Tell that old man, ere he breaks his heart, that you are guiltless. I know it, we all know it; but to humor us, give it tongue!"

Adrien grasped his hand with a smile that lit up his whole face; then looking round, said quietly:

"I did not write it; I know nothing of it."

The Baron sprang forward at the sound of his voice, and fell upon his breast; then, as if ashamed of the pardonable emotion, turned to the officer.

"You hear, sir? Mr. Leroy knows nothing of this matter. He denies it—not because a denial is necessary, but because his friend requests it. You may go."

The officer shook his head.

"I'm so[illegible] Leroy on such terms. My [illegible] release were far too strict. Denial is a common matter, too; and, begging pardon for the liberty, my lord, I think an alibi would have proved satisfactory. Mr. Leroy, of course, didn't commit the forgery, and of course he can tell you where he was at eight o'clock on the evening of the twenty-second ——"

"Adrien," said the Duke, "one favor I ask—not for myself, but others," and he glanced at Constance and the Baron. "Tell us what this fellow would have you. Where were you at eight o'clock on the twenty-second?"

Adrien remained silent. The Duke grew hot and then white with irritation and suspense.

"Think, my dear fellow," he said in a quick, impatient voice. "At the club—the theatre—where were you? Don't you remember—have you forgotten?" And he stamped his foot on the ground; for, though he would have laughed to scorn any assertion of his friend's guilt, and would have thought him mad if he had even confessed it himself, it annoyed him to see Adrien so silent when the crowd were hanging on his lips and devouring him with their eyes.

"Do I forget? No; I remember where I was at eight o'clock on the twenty-second," and his eyes rested on the dark ones again.

"Then for Heaven's sake tell them!" exclaimed the Duke.

"I cannot," said Adrien, turning with a sigh.

The officer shook his head, made a signal with his hand, and, as if by magic, the four men closed round the kingly form, and a score more sprang on the terrace and surrounded them.

"In the Queen's name, stand back all!" cried the officer, and amidst a fearful confusion of screams and exclamations the officers moved on to the head of the terrace, and the front file were half down the steps when a voice cried "Stop!" and a man with a bloated face and bloodshot eyes stumbled up the steps and looked savagely round.

CHAPTER XX.

Leaving the interrupted procession on the terrace at Barminster, we must return to the riverside village of Weybridge.

No sooner had Mr. Jasper Vermont taken his departure, than poor little Lucy Ashford sank on the floor and burst into a flood of tears. So great had been the strain that she was completely unnerved, and had quite forgotten the likelihood of her husband's immediate return and Reah's mysterious disappearance. The dim cloud of apprehension which her heart had given her presentiment of had burst upon her head. Mr. Jasper Vermont, the strange gentleman who held her secret, was alive—aye, and, more than that, had not forgotten nor failed to threaten her. Presently, recalled to a sense of her position, she jumped up and called to Reah. Then she remembered that the girl had disappeared, and, fearful of being left alone to encounter Mr. Jasper, whose return she expected momentarily, she ran to the door, calling on the girl's name in a paroxysm of nerveless terror, which ended at last in an attack of hysterics. In the midst of which honest John returned to find her. With an exclamation of alarm he raised her from the floor, carried her upstairs, and ran for the doctor.

When the doctor came, Lucy had relapsed into low fever, and was talking deliriously of an inn at Canterbury, and an individual by the name of Johann Wilfer. Her husband paid little attention to her wandering, incoherent sentences in the first excitement of his anxiety; but presently, as they took distinct form, and she plainly confessed the one error of her life, poor John recoiled from the bed, and looked round him with a bewildered, sorrow-stricken air. All the little strangeness in his wife's conduct and manner were now explained. He had been deceived! She had loved another before him, and at the bitter truth John Ashford hid his face in the homely counterpane, and sobbed like a child.

Honest tears bring relief and soften the heart. When Lucy Ashford awoke she found her husband's eyes, still wet with tears, looking at her with pitying tenderness.

"John," she said faintly, "you know all," and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes, dear; you've told me all. Why didn't you tell me before?"

She looked at him, with open eyes, in wonder. Was that all the reproach his righteous anger would deal out to her? Could it be possible that, knowing all, dear, good John loved her still, and would still call her his wife? Oh, yes! and for testimony thereof his arm was around her neck, and his kiss of forgiveness upon her lips.

"John," she said, crying with ineffable thankfulness and peace, "send for poor father; it will be new life to him to know that this dreadful weight is off my heart, and that you, knowing what a bad woman I have been, still call me your little Lucy! O John, John! fetch him—fetch him!"

John kissed her, and without a word put on his hat. If his little Lucy had asked him to bring her a chip from the tombstone of Franklin at the North Pole, kind-hearted John would have started off to procure it as unhesitatingly. He borrowed a horse and a rickety dog-cart from a neighbor, and started off in the starless night for Mr. Harker, leaving word with the doctor—who with his own hands was preparing a cooling draught in the little parlor—that when Reah returned she was to sit with and cheer up Lucy until he came back from London.

Now, it happened that Mr. Harker was late at the office that night, bending, sad and wrinkled and wan, over his repugnant tasks. Sigh after sigh broke from his thin lips as he arranged the gins and snares for the unsuspecting victims of Mr. Jasper Vermont, his master, had set his heart on catching.

It was hard, very hard, to be the tool of such a merciless fiend, to be the servant of such a master of deceit, villainy and fraud; but so greatly did the father love his erring child that he scarce would have hesitated in committing murder had Jasper Vermont set that crime as a price of his forbearance and silence. He would purchase his daughter's safety and happiness with his heart's blood, if need be. With this resolve he worked on, setting in order the various accounts which Mr. Jasper would require to be laid before him on the morrow, and entering in a book concise histories of the debts and difficulties which placed dozens of Mr. Jasper's acquaintances in his power.

A knock at the door startled and roused him from his task. Hastily shutting the intricate ledger and covering the deeds and documents with a large sheet of paper, the old man rose and opened the door. It was John Ashford; and, at the sight of his round, kindly face, he staggered back, clasped the table with one hand, and gasped:

"Lucy!"

"All right—all right," said John reassuringly, but with a quieter voice than his usual one; "don't be frightened, Mr. Harker. Sit down. It's rather sudden; but when she says: 'Go and fetch father,' you see I come and fetch you directly."

"Lucy is ill?" said Mr. Harker, trying to calm himself, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

John nodded and sighed, and glanced at Mr. Harker's hat and coat. The old man rose, put his hat on, and nodded at the door.

"Don't tell me she's very ill, John," he said in a trembling voice, "until we get outside. I am an old man, John, and she's the only child I've got."

John helped him on with his coat, reassuring him the while. The two, after having locked up the office started for Weybridge.

Until they had left the London streets behind, and the early morning had revealed the beauties of the road, neither of them spoke a word; then John, avoiding all mention of Lucy's secret, told the old man of how he had found her lying on the floor.

Mr. Harker's troubled face darkened, and his thin hands went up to his mouth in a thoughtful, pondering way. But, though his face grew darker, and an angry, resolute light came into his dim eyes, he never said a word. They were within a few miles of Weybridge, when John pulled up the horse with an exclamation of astonishment. In the act of turning down a lane, a few yards before them, was a young girl. After a moment of motionless surprise, he threw the reins onto Mr. Harker's knees, leapt from the cart, ran after the girl, and caught her by the arm.

"Maria," he cried, "what are you doing here, my girl? You haven't left Lucy?" reproachfully.

The girl looked up at him with sorrowful, questioning eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I have. I am going to London. I can't stay with you, although you were so good. Oh, sir, let me go, let me go."

John dropped her arm and shook his head sadly.

"Well, my girl," he said, "I didn't think you were one of that sort, to leave my Lucy as was so good to you, when she was ill and hadn't a soul near her."

"Ill?" said Reah with a bewildered look. "She was not ill. It was the lady with him," and she shuddered, "not your wife."

John looked at her as if he thought the girl had taken leave of her senses.

"I don't know what lady you mean, my girl," he said, "but I left Lucy ill, very ill, and waiting for you. You see, I didn't think you'd run away and leave her at such a moment. But you're your own mistress, my poor child, and I won't stay you," and he turned and walked towards the dog-cart.

Reah followed him without a word; and he, seeing that she did so, lifted her into the cart. No sooner had he done so, however, than Mr. Harker sprang to his feet and, staring at her with startled eyes asked John who she was.

"This," said John, forcing him into his seat and starting the horse, "is Maria, a friend of Lucy's. Do you know her?"

Mr. Harker shook his head, but still kept his eyes upon her.

"Maria!" he repeated. "A friend of Lucy's! Has she no other name? Where does she come from?"

Neither made any reply—John because he could not, Reah because she seemed perfectly indifferent to both his presence and his agitation; and the old man, eyeing her at intervals, muttered in his dry voice:

"Wonderful likeness, wonderful! I could have sworn — yet it cannot be. A friend of Lucy's!"

They reached Weybridge, and Reah, leaping from the dog-cart, ran with her light, half-savage way past the two men, and with noiseless feet entered Lucy's room, bending over the bed and taking Lucy's hand with a grateful, loving glance, as much as if to implore her not to think she had forsaken her.

"They have come?" said Lucy.

Reah nodded, and John and Mr. Harker entered at the moment.

"John dear," said Lucy, "leave us for a minute."

John stooped and kissed her, patting her hand as softly as a woman might have done, and, beckoning to Reah to follow him, left the room.

Half an hour afterwards the parlor door opened, and Mr. Harker entered.

"What's the matter?" said John, starting to his feet. "Is she worse?"

"No," said the old man. "Thank Heaven, she is better! John Ashford, I have come to beg your forgiveness on my knees. It was I who overcame her scruples and bade her marry you. I did it for the best. I did it that she might be happy. She tells me you have forgiven her; but can you forgive me?"

John, with tears in his eyes, caught him by the arm and shook his hand.

"You did it for her," he said. "I have nothing to forgive. If my poor darling had only plucked up courage, and told me all at the hour we were man and wife, she would have learned how dearly I loved her, and saved you both many unhappy years."

"Bless you, John!" said the old man, buttoning his coat; "you are a good man. Would to Heaven we had done rightly by you from the first!"

"Well, well," said John, "never let us say another word, never let us think about it again. And now may I go upstairs? But where are you going?" as the old man put on his hat.

"Back to London," said Mr. Harker in his dry voice, smiling grimly. "I have work to do—an account to settle, John, for Lucy and myself. You don't know all yet, John. You don't know, you never will know, what poor Lucy and I have suffered. We've been slaves all these years, trembling and shrinking under a villain's nod and frown. I've sold myself to a demon, who, in consideration of my services, of my body and soul, John, promised to keep his talons from my poor Lucy. He knew of her misfortune, and he threatened to let the world and you, John, know of it too if I didn't bind myself to him and do his villainous work. I have done it, John, for years. I have endured shame and agony unspeakable that my darling's secret might be safe. I have been his tool and his scapegoat. Men whom he has ruined through me have spat upon and cursed me. I, an old man, going to the grave, have earned the title of usurer and thief! All this I have done and suffered that he should never blight my child's happiness by his presence. He has broken the contract. He was here yesterday, John, and with his fiendish face and threats nearly killed her. Now his power is gone! Lucy is free, and I am free. He has done that which he had sworn not to do. Now I take my turn, and for every tear he has wrung from my darling's eyes I will wring a groan from his black heart! Don't speak to me, John. Go up to Lucy. If she lives or if she dies, I'll avenge her!"

Then, before the astounded John could utter a word, he left the house.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the singular and unprepossessing appearance which the strange man presented, the officer who had the command of the arresting party moved closer to Adrien, and looked around at the Baron for an explanation. But his stern, agitated face showed no signs of recognition, and the remainder of the group seemed stricken with such bewilderment of the faculties that Mr. Jasper Vermont ventured, with a properly composed face, to step forward.

"What do you want, my man?" he asked, glancing at the dissipated, low-bred face with grave eyes.

"I don't want you," retorted the man, roughly eyeing Mr. Vermont from the corner of his eyes. "I don't know you. I want Mr. Adrien Leroy!"

At this moment one of the officers moved slightly, and disclosed the tall, princely figure.

The man sprang forward, as if about to strike Adrien, but the Duke struck him across the chest and bore him back.

"Who is this ruffian?" he exclaimed in his broken English, his pale face crimsoning at this fresh indignity offered to his well-beloved friend. Then he added, turning to the officer:

"Have you brought all the scum of the earth at your back, sir?"

The officer shook his head.

"I don't know this man," he answered, "or his business. Do you, Mr. Leroy?" he asked, touching his cap with unconscious respect to his prisoner.

"I do," said Adrien in the low, restrained voice in which he had spoken since his arrest.

"I should think you did!" exclaimed the man, standing forward and staring round. "It aint likely as you'll forget me, nor me you ——"

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the Duke, enraged beyond endurance by the man's insolence, "this is too much."

And he strode forward.

"Stop!" said Adrien in a sad voice. "Let him speak. Come, sir, speak to the point, and quickly. What do you want of me?"

"What I asked a month ago," answered the man insolently, glancing round to see what effect his words had had, and letting his eyes rest for a moment upon Mr. Jasper Vermont, who stood quietly regarding him, his face full of sympathy for his friend and benefactor, whose troubles appeared never-ending.

The crowd pressed closer then at fever-pitch. What new phase of the scandal was this fellow in seedy clothes and swollen face about to introduce?

"I want my niece, my girl Reah!" said the man—"my girl as you took from her home and deceived. That's what I want, Mr. Leroy; and the sooner I has it, the better it'll be for all parties."

Adrien looked at him with darkened brow, then he turned to the Duke sorrowfully.

"This man," he said, "has a fancied grievance against me. Will you do me the last act of kindness that will be in your power, and hear what he has to say? Tell him I know nothing of his niece ——"

"That's false!" exclaimed Mr. Wilfer savagely, interrupting him.

The Duke raised his arm, but an officer caught it, and with a warning gesture forced Mr. Wilfer out of reach.

"So it is false!" retorted Mr. Wilfer, looking fiercely round, still with a cunning underglance at Mr. Jasper's troubled face, as if seeking his approval. "He does know where she is, for he took her from her home, and she hasn't been seen since she entered his chambers! If she's alive, where is she? And if she aint, then this high and mighty swell, as is dressed like a king, is nothing better than a murderer!"

A thrill of horror ran through the throng. Mr. Jasper flung his hands before his face as if to shut out the sight of his friend's face. Constance, breaking from the Baron's detaining grasp, moved with quiet dignity to Adrien's side again, and laid her hand upon his arm, while a tall figure, dressed in scarlet robes that were half-concealed by a large blue domino, moved a step nearer to that part of the crowd, and fixed her eyes upon Mr. Wilfer.

"Let him answer that!" continued Mr. Wilfer loudly, and with the air of a painfully injured and indignant man—"let him answer that. And if he goes to deny it—let him look at this," and he drew Adrien's watch from a tattered pocket in his coat. "Perhaps he'll say that this aint his watch! But there's plenty here as can recognize it, if there wasn't his coat-of-arms on the back. Where did I get this? No, I didn't steal it," he continued fiercely, in answer to a muttered question by the officer. "He gave me this—flung it to me like he would to a dog—to hold my tongue. Ask him, some of you, if he remembers the night I met him in the park! A mighty fine gentleman, a regular honorable gentleman, who robs a poor man of his innocent niece, and when he's asked to give an account of her flings me his watch to stop my tongue."

Mr. Wilfer paused, not for lack of invective, but for want of breath. The crowd surged to and fro, and half-spoken exclamations of astonishment, wonder and horror broke from a hundred lips. Could it be possible that Adrien Leroy, the soul of honor, the man whom they had been adoring through three brilliant seasons, could be the dishonorable scoundrel which this dirty, drunken-looking man proclaimed him? Impossible! But the watch! And the masked faces turned to one another with painful doubt and distress, which formed in an audible "Hush!" as Adrien, averting his eyes from Lady Constance's face, turned to the Baron, who had risen and was sternly regarding him.

"Do you believe this man's vile story, sir?" he asked in clear tones.

"Believe it!" interrupted Mr. Wilfer, who was determined on playing his part. "He can't be off it! Here's the watch. A hundred people can prove as they saw my girl ——"

"Silence!" said Mr. Jasper, coming forward, as if unable to endure the scene any longer—"silence!"

Mr. Wilfer, whom no one else had as yet succeeded in silencing, was wordless in a moment. Mr. Jasper turned to Adrien, and commenced speaking in a low tone.

"Speak out," said Adrien, regarding him with steady looks—"speak out, if you are the friend I have taken you for! I have no secrets from any here. Friends or enemies, they may hear all."

TO BE CONTINUED.

VAL VOSE, Ventriloquist.

In Memory of HATTIE B. HAMILTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Back to my happy girlhood days
 My thoughts are turned by that sad line
Which tells me thou hast left this maze
 Of sordid cares for joys divine;
Then, in the casket of my life,
 Thou laidst a gem from friendship's crown,
And helped me onward in the strife,
 In fields where thou hadst won renown.

Life, with its cares, kept us apart,
 And even death can do no more;
Thy kind face, limned upon my heart,
 Still smiles upon me as before;
Thou hast but changed thy cross of pain
 For crown of joy, and strife for peace,
And I shall see my friend again,
 When death shall bid my troubles cease.

HUNTED DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY BART SMITH.

Some twenty-five years ago I was among the many passengers on the beautiful steamboat Blank, which plied between New Orleans and St. Louis. At that time the Western and Southern railroads were yet in their infancy, and the river was the highway to all business points, and consequently every trip was a heavy one in both freight and passengers. The "floating palaces" of those days were great places of industry for the many gamblers who infested that region.

Among the passengers on the Blank was one whom at first sight the observer would class as a gambler. His supercilious, self-confident air and general *tout ensemble* spoke loudly as though the word was placarded on his back. The first night out, he it was who rose the heaviest winner from the table, at which he had been playing for several hours with three planters who had just disposed of their cotton. Even the veriest greenhorn could see, by the dexterity with which he handled the cards, that he was one of the "smartest" of gamblers, and was up to all the knavish tricks of that class; and, as I was always a close observer of things, I myself thought I detected him using the advantages given by his skill to fleece his opponents.

Next morning, after breakfast, I engaged him in conversation, and ascertained that he was winner of some six thousand dollars the night before. While we were talking the boat made a landing, and a single passenger got on. He mounted the steps, and, as my face was turned towards him, I obtained a good view of him as he ascended to the cabin. He was a tall, slender man, with bright, flashing eyes, that seemed to pierce me through as he hurriedly scanned me. The moment he saw my companion I thought I saw his eyes flash with a brighter lustre, and a faint smile wreath itself around the lips, that betokened great determination. He entered the cabin, and in a short time was out on the cabin-deck, seemingly busily engaged in the perusal of a periodical which he had purchased at the news-stand aboard. But look where I would, I saw—or I thought I saw—those eyes fixed on my companion in a basilisk stare.

The gambler quitted my side and entered the cabin, while I remained to enjoy my cigar. Just as my greatest castle had erected itself 'mid the wreathing fragrance of the Havana, it came tumbling to the ground at a gentle tap on the shoulder. Looking around, I beheld our latest arrival. After a pleasant "good-morning" from him, and a courteous response from me, we were soon launched into conversation. He made a few inquiries as to the person who had just left me; but on ascertaining that I knew nothing of the man, we were soon engaged in other and pleasanter topics of conversation.

We passed a pleasant day together, and after supper the tables were prepared for the usual card-playing. At one of the tables sat the gambler, and to that table Mr. Seely (the name by which he had introduced himself) and myself went. They were playing deeply, and, like the night before, the gambler was the winner. None could resist his skill, and one by one they retired from the table until he was left alone, with his gains in a pile before him.

"You are in good luck, I see," I observed to him as he sat looking around, as though for someone else to fleece.

"Yes; here I've got some $15,000 winnings, and can't find anyone on the boat who will try to win it from me. It seems my luck is too much for them."

"I'll make the effort," quietly remarked Mr. Seely as he sat in the chair opposite him.

It was the first time that the gambler had closely observed him, and I thought I saw a gentle tremor quivering through his entire body as he tried to gaze nonchalantly at his new opponent.

"All right, sir. It is yours, if you can win it," he said in an evenly modulated voice.

The game began, and fortune smiled from the first on Mr. Seely, owing to the fact, as I supposed, that the stakes were light. The game progressed. It was the gambler's deal. I was watching Mr. Seely, and I saw that same faint smile wreathe itself around his lips. Betting then began, and in a short time it ran into the thousands, and the gambler's pile was gradually finding its way to the pot in the centre of the table. Mr. Seely "saw and went better" from a huge pocketbook which was inexhaustible to the heavy demands made upon it. The gambler's $15,000 were up, and he had taken from his pocket $4,000 more, with which he "called" his opponent.

"You call my hand?" quietly asked Mr. Seely.

"Yes; and you will have to hold high to rake the pile."

"I am well satisfied with the hand I held. It is ——" and he produced a revolver, which he immediately pointed at the head of the gambler. "It is your life. Sit still, sir—one move, and I blow your guilty soul into perdition. Gentlemen," he said, as he appealed to the bystanders who crowded around the table, but speaking without removing his eyes from the man before him, who sat white and rigid as marble—"gentlemen, this man is a cheat and thief. To prove my assertion, let any man examine this pack of cards, and he will find eleven of them gone—five in front of me on the table, five in front of him on the table, and one up his sleeve. You will also find that his hand contains four aces. Prove it, gentlemen."

The gambler's hand was turned face upward, and there lay the four aces and a jack. At his feet, on the floor, lay a ten-spot, which he had shaken from his sleeve.

The victims whom he had fleeced before were now loud in denunciation of the cheat, and cries of "Kill him! kill him!" resounded through the cabin, for it was the etiquette of that day that cheating at play demanded death.

"Hold, gentlemen! This man's life is mine. I have a story to tell to him, and to all of you, to show you how deeply I detest and abhor him, nor shall I let him slip my grasp. One year ago my brother, who was then but just arrived at the years of manhood, started on a pleasure-trip on this boat for New Orleans. He fell into the hands of a gambler, who soon fleeced him of all the money he had on his person, and then obtained from him notes and mortgages on the property to which he had just fallen heir. My brother, after the game, retired to his stateroom—sit still, sir—and in a few moments the report of a pistol summoned all on board to his stateroom, where they arrived just in time to see him die a suicide's death. It is to this man I am indebted for the loss of my brother, who could not survive the loss of his fortune, which this 'thing' had stolen from him. Having paid all my losses to an emissary of this man, I determined to avenge him. I studied the gamblers' art, and soon perfected myself in all the sleight-of-hand of which they are capable, and when confident that I could detect any and all forms of cheating I determined to lay a trap for him. A good detective soon found my man, and the other day I was informed that he would take this boat for New Orleans. I boarded her, and while engaged in the game just concluded I detected him in the act of cheating. He purposely showed me an ace at the bottom of the pack, gave me four kings, and by 'palming' the ace transferred it to his sleeve. With the ace in the pack, four kings is the best hand, and he depended on my betting all I had on the strength of my hand. But I was only waiting for this chance. And now, sir, say your prayers, for in one minute you are a dead man."

"Would you murder me in cold blood?" asked the now terrified gambler.

"Kill him! kill him!" again shouted the bystanders.

"He deserves it," calmly said Mr. Seely; "but I cannot shoot a man as though he were a dog. I will give him a chance for his life. We will retire to the deck, he on one side, I on the other, and exchange shots till one or both be dead, and Heaven defend the right. Are you agreed, sir?"

"Yes," eagerly responded the gambler.

"Very well, then. I will go to my stateroom and get a pair of dueling-pistols I have in my satchel. Gentlemen, please take charge of this man. I will return soon."

He left, and in a few moments returned with a pair of beautifully-mounted dueling-pistols, which he handed to me with a request that I should act as his second, and obtain someone to officiate for his adversary, which was no easy thing for him to do, for all declined assistance to so heartless a villain. A gentleman at last consented to act, and all repaired to the lower deck. Mr. Seely was calm and collected, but not so the gambler. His face was pallid, and his frame shook with convulsive shudders as he thought of how near he stood to death. Arrived on deck, they were placed on opposite sides.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I shall count 'One—two—three,' and you will fire at the word. Are you ready?"

"Yes," came from both.

"One—two ——" and the gambler's pistol was discharged, the ball just lifting a lock of the curling hair from the temple of Mr. Seely, who advanced one pace, and then deliberately said: "Coward as well as thief, die!" and fired.

With one despairing cry, the gambler leaped in air, pierced through the heart, and fell over the guards into the water.

The boat was stopped, the yawl got out, and search made for him who had met a well-merited fate; but, as the body had sunk, the yawl was called in, and the boat went on its way. At the next landing the captain informed the Coroner of the facts of the case, and, as Mr. Seely gave himself up to the authorities, the boat arrived in New Orleans without either of the participants in the fatal affray. Mr. Seely, I learned afterwards, was honorably acquitted, and the gambler's money was by him donated to the poor.

In spite of [illegible] fifty years to improve the chance, true love is uncertain in places. An incident indicative of this, although somewhat out of the usual line, occurred in Danbury. There were two suitors for a young woman's affections. Number one was first acquainted with her, and had kept pretty steady company with her through the past month, when number two appeared. The latter very soon got the best hold; and this became apparent to the former. The young lady gave herself up to number one until the day after the Fourth, when she suddenly and rather decidedly veered about to the stranger, who is now in town, learning the jewelry business. Number one was forgotten as easily, apparently, as if he had been an old debt. It was on the night of the 5th that this strange feeling dawned upon him. He had purchased a quart of new apples, and had taken them to her house. There was company present on his arrival, and he requested to see her privately in the hall. She complied with a reluctance that struck him as being singular.

"Here is something for you, Julia!" he whispered, extending the package.

She colored slightly as she said:

"I cannot take it—thank you!"

"But you don't know what it is," he urged. "It is a quart of new apples, just come from the market."

She made no move.

"Why, Julia! Take them. They won't hurt you. They are ripe."

"No! I must not," she persisted, keeping her eyes cast down.

"You won't take them?" He was very white, and his voice trembled with suppressed passion.

"No!"

"Then I'll go home and eat every goldarned one of them before I touch my bed, if they kill me deader than Goliar!" And with this ferocious threat he bounded out of the house.

Whether he did as he promised is not known; but, as he was around on the street the next day, it is more than likely that wiser thoughts prevailed.

That afternoon he started for her house to see if the dreadful thing was true that the jeweler—whom he designated by the prefix of "pole-legs"—had really supplanted him. As he neared the house he saw with anger that the jeweler was there, playing croquet with Julia. The sight maddened him. For a moment he looked at them with clenched hands; then he hurried away with a gleam in his eye that denoted a storm. In a quarter of an hour he was again approaching the place. He had both hands in the pockets of his sack, as if he were holding on to something valuable. The dapper jeweler was still engaged in the game with the fair Julia, and their laughing remarks grated distastefully on his ear. He marched straight into the yard. Julia looked up and saw him, and a frown covered her face. He saw it, and understood its import at once. His own face grew black with wrath. He turned to her:

"Julia, have you given me up for this cuss?" he savagely inquired, while the party thus indelicately indicated stared at the newcomer as if he very much doubted his own existence.

"What do you mean by such language as that?" she angrily demanded.

"Just what I say," retorted the discarded one.

"Well, the quicker you leave this yard the better you'll please me," was the spiteful rejoinder of the fair one.

"Then it is true!" he howled in a voice of anguish. "She has left me for Old Pole-legs. Oh!" This with a sudden reversal of tone as the name brought up a realization of the hated presence. "You are the scoundrel that left me to buy her things for a whole month, to get her sweetened up for you, and then you come in an' take her to yourself. Where were you on the Fourth?" he screamed with biting sarcasm. "Why didn't you show yourself when there was money to spend, an' things to show her that cost cash down? Where were you when the ice-cream an' cake was round? Oh! you old gimlet-eye!" he added, suddenly removing one hand from the recesses of a pocket and hurling a raw egg full in the face of his rival, which, breaking in the contact, completely transformed the entire expression of the jeweler. "Where were you, I say?" he yelled, dancing around and drawing forth another egg. At the advent of this awful article Miss Julia scampered into the house, and the affrighted and almost blinded rival struck out wildly for escape; but the foe was after him, and not ten feet had been cleared when the second egg caught him between the shoulders and sprinkled its glowing colors over his back. The unfortunate man ran with all his might, seeking for escape, but baffled in the search. He flew over the vegetables and darted around the tree, but the avenger kept close to him, plastering him with questions like these:

"Where were you on the Fourth?" Egg. "Where were you when there was money to be spent?" Egg. "Kept away, did you, till the Fourth was over—the costliest day in the year?" Egg. "Knew cream was up that day, did you?" Egg.

And the eggs flew with all the vengeance an unrequited affection could impart to them. And the unhappy Julia, standing in a trance of horror at the window, saw her favored one pelted in the back, in the side, on the head, and again on the legs; saw him tear through the shrubbery like a winged omelette; saw the golden liquid stream from his hair, his chin, his coat-tail, and his finger-tips; saw him shed scrambled eggs, chromos and circus-posters at every jump; saw him finally bound over the back fence and sweep across the back lots like a simoon of biliousness, and then she gave a scream and fainted away.—*Danbury News.*

ERASMUS WILSON, the eminent London surgeon, says: "In traveling it is advisable to eat frequently—not much at a time, but often—and to avoid alcohol. Thus soup, coffee, tea, cutlets, fruit, soda or seltzer water, should form the staple of traveling diet. Traveling induces heat and feverishness which a cooling diet tends to allay."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

SINGLETON, Scoube.—"A foul was struck, touched the ground, bounded, struck a spectator standing near the end of the back-stop, then to the back-stop, and was held by the catcher. Judgment was called for and the umpire decided 'Out,' not knowing the ball had struck a spectator. After an explanation he said 'Not out.' Was the decision correct."......The reversion of the first decision could possibly be justified on the ground that the umpire unquestionably erred in interpreting the rules in giving the batsman out for a catch made from a ball rebounding from the person of anyone not a fielder in the game.

TRASHY, Janesville.—"A runner on third base. Man at bat hits the ball directly to the ground, and the ball bounds and hits the runner, who is playing off of third towards home base. Is not runner out by being hit with batted ball, according to rule VI, sec. 15? Now, in this case, the umpire called the ball foul because the runner was hit while on foul ground, and allowed the runner to return to his base. Was umpire right?"......The ball was foul; but the runner was out because he was "hit by a batted ball."

ELEPHANT, Nashua.—1. A. Van Amburgh, the "Lion-tamer," died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 29, 1865. The elephant Hannibal, the largest ever in this country, died in Centreville, Md., May 7, 1865, while with Thayer & Noyes' Circus. It was brought to this country in 1824, and was for many years with the Van Amburgh Show. 2. Empress died in Philadelphia Aug. 2, 1873.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—1. Charles E. Courtney the oarsman was born at Union Springs, N. Y. 2. He never was in England. 3. A professional, of course. 4. Guess you've got him mixed up with Trickett, who is looked upon as champion of the world because he defeated Joe Sadler after the latter had won the championship prize in the International Scullers' Race at Halifax, N. S., in 1871.

O. C. O., Burlington.—1. You can only sue her for breach-of-promise, and, having proved your case, can probably get an award from the jury of six cents damages. 2. Go to them with a straightforward story, and ask for her hand. But of what use now, since she herself declines to go on with the engagement?

C. H. B., Phila.—1. There is no percentage against the guesser in tossing a copper. There are people who maintain that there is; but as they cannot tell precisely what that percentage is, they of course are really unable to demonstrate that there is any percentage at all. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC, the time being 6:23.

WM. B. CONSIDINE, Brooklyn.—When Courtney paid his entrance fee of $100 for the privilege of competing in the recent boat-race at Saratoga, he had no longer any claim upon the money, whether he rowed or not; consequently he must have won $800, the amount of the stake and purse.

CONSTANT READER, Lexington.—1. Heenan never "broke a post that was standing in the ground," but he hurt his hand badly by striking a stake in his fight with John Morrissey. We presume that is what you allude to. 2. We do not know who wears the largest diamond-pin in the country—we don't.

T. B., West Phila.—1. The bound-catch is fair, coming from the ground. 2. The catch is not out, no ball caught from a fence, tree or a building being a fair catch. 3. It would be out on foul strike. 4. Not out. He was entitled to the base he was running to when the crowd stopped the ball. 5. Not out.

H. E. W.—He is to be charged with once at the bat. He may in that period have struck at a ball and missed it, or had a strike called on him for not striking at a fair ball. The chances are ten to one that something of this kind does not occur, and therefore it is only fair to charge him with one time at the bat when taking base on called balls.

P. C. B., Augusta.—1. Provided that B has not once passed, he can either take the "widow" or have it turned up, the next player ahead of him having rapped. 2. No player can take the "widow" after it has been exposed by being turned up.

K. AND P.—First get the opportunity to appear in public, and, if you succeed in pleasing, then try and get an engagement. Accept at first any salary which may be offered. When you have made some reputation, ask for an increase.

CHARLEY ROSS, Paterson.—Your statement differs from that of J. F. Peacock (who is answered elsewhere), but we presume it refers to the same thing. If a man pays an entrance-fee and competes knowingly against professionals, he is a professional whether he wins a heat or not.

JAMES F. PEACOCK, Paterson.—It does not make a man a professional if, without having entered for the race, he should run against professionals simply to test his speed, and having no claim to the prize if he should arrive first at the tape.

QUEEN CITY, Cincinnati.—1. New York City is in New York County. The whole of the city is the whole of the county. 2. Brooklyn is in Kings County. Kings County is that part in which Brooklyn, together with Gravesend, Coney Island, etc., is situated.

O. T. K., Brooklyn.—An expelled member from any club is debarred from playing until reinstated by the association the club belongs to. No League, International, or League-alliance club can play an expelled player in its nine, and no reputable club will play such any way.

L. D., Columbia.—The point taken by you in regard to rain is a good one. After rain has fallen five minutes, the umpire—at the request of either captain, but not otherwise—is obliged to suspend play; and if it continues to rain for half an hour he must call the game.

W. H. T., Boston.—1. We do not. 2. The following is a better nine: White, c.; Bradley, p.; Start, 1st b.; Barnes, 2d b.; Ferguson, 3d b.; G. Wright, s. s.; Leonard, l. f.; Harbidge, c. f.; Spalding, r. f. 3. Do not know what has become of him.

M. T. S., Peekskill.—If a club guarantees a certain amount of money to a visiting club, they should pay it in all honor, unless there is a special agreement about rain. The home club lost nothing but promised receipts. The visiting nine were out traveling expenses.

R. H. R.—The assisted player cannot go alone, and "calling for partner's best" is not euchre. It belongs to a game played in smoking-cars and on steamboats, and devised for the unwary.

A. R., London.—Of itself, the son's birth abroad would not impair his eligibility to the Presidency of the United States. No party would be unwise enough attempt to run him for that office, however.

A. W.—1. No relation whatever, unless the families had been related before that marriage. 2. It would be proper. She could also properly use her own maiden initials during her husband's lifetime.

M. G. CLUB, Baltimore.—Address Genio C. Scott, this city, who can give you good advice in such matters. We are averse to recommending books, or other merchantable articles, in these columns.

G. W., Glasgow.—There is no such book. *The Turf, Field and Farm* publishes a separate yearly volume, which contains the records of most horses in that particular year—not all.

CAPT. D., Boston.—The poem of "The Watermill" was published upon a programme used at the Howard Athenæum, during the past season, upon the occasion of Gus Williams' benefit.

LONG BRANCH.—The proper way is for the dealer to ask each player, beginning with the eldest hand, if he intends to open the pot. There should be no throwing-away of hands until it is known what is to be done with the pot.

W. H. S., Brooklyn.—We have had no intelligence of the death in South America of Robert A. Soden while traveling with [illegible] "Broadway Charley," [illegible] "John Dwyer Explains," "Haunt-[illegible]

CONSTANT READER.—1. The poem does not possess interest for the general reader. 2. The paper of that date is out of print. 3. We thank you for the offer, but one correspondent is all that we require in your city.

N. B., Grand Rapids.—1. 2:16, 2:15¼, 2:15, Goldsmith Maid, Buffalo, N. Y. 2. Rarus "got in first" in last three of four heats, in 2:19¼, 2:19½, and 2:20, at Oakland Park, San Francisco. The Maid won the first heat in 2:26.

T. H. N., Prairie du Chien.—1. Ten Broeck has the fastest record for one mile, running. 2. This is the same question, the word *running* being again used. 3. Gov. Sprague has a record of 2:20½.

HARRY KNIGHT, Hartford.—He is from Philadelphia, and is a very fast sprinter, but he can't get down to the time you mention, from a standing start, let alone "beat it easy."

J. L.—Harry Jennings' canine repository is located at 391 Broome street, this city. By calling upon or addressing a letter to him, you will receive full information on the subject.

A. S. C., St. Cloud.—The club telling the other to bring their umpire with them had no right to object to the man brought because they had found a man to suit them in the meantime.

SWEET BY-AND-BYE.—1. 6ft. 5½in. 2. Mathews is in town. Hicks has retired from baseball play. 3. B is not forced, but can return. No player is forced except by the act of the bat-man in striking a fair ball.

J. S. C., West Meriden.—Your decision should be accepted as final, if the matter was left to you. There is no necessity of our endorsing or condemning that decision. The matter was left to you—not to us.

DICK O., Boston.—Since it can be a record for her but once, we should make no special note of her performance if she made 2:14 every day.

B. A. W., St. Louis.—Except by mutual agreement, there can be no trump turned unless, ahead of that trump, there are cards enough to give three to each player.

J. W.—He has at present no engagement to reappear here. He is to travel with Mrs. Chanfrau's Combination this season.

COCKTAIL, Cincinnati.—If the lady has father or brother, your friend is apt to become "hot" should he forward those verses.

H. L., Westfield.—We know nothing about the law. Address the Secretary of State for that State in which the fishing-place is situated.

IRELAND, Pittsfield.—Neither wins. As soon as either, in course of play, had got points enough, he should have called out.

CLIPPER, Seymour.—1. Give one, give all. 2. B, in euchring A, who has played alone, will score two points. There can be but one lone hand.

E. H.—If A wishes to see the cards, B must show them. B may not have two pair, or he may have more than that. It is A's right to see just what B has got.

O. D. R.—We think George Pardoy is in retirement. We have not heard from him for some years. A letter addressed in care of this office may reach him.

BILLPOSTER, Lancaster.—Agnes Wallace was at one time a member of the Wallace Sisters' Combination. She is one of the sisters.

H. S., Philadelphia.—There are other agents who make no charge for booking. Apply to them, if you do not care to employ the ones you mention.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—A loses. The game was over, for the purpose of the bet, when nine full innings had been played.

R. CAMPBELL, Seaforth.—Mace won his second fight with Tom King. The latter declined a challenge for a third contest.

C. C. M.—B loses. The bet contemplated five games, not six or sixty. This decision assumes that the tie game was one of five or more innings.

M. H., Corsicana.—She was recently singing in Texas. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

W. T. T., Worcester.—1. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best contortionist now before the public. 2. About $50 per week.

GEORGE, Cincinnati.—Copyright your songs and acts before performing them in public. Patent your instrument.

J. B. R., Bridgeport.—The American baseball-players did not lose a single game at cricket in England. They won four, and three were drawn.

W. W. M., Meyerstown.—The third game—3 to 1—was an exhibition game, one of the Louisvilles playing in the Cincinnati nine.

SONOMA.—1. Hemsen is in attendance upon his mother, who is on her death bed. 2. How can we tell? The antecedents of the man must answer the question.

INQUIRER, Greenfield.—The strange fact is practically demonstrated in nearly every game in which such curve-pitchers as Larkin, Bond, and Devlin play.

S. J.—B's hand was foul, and he loses the pot. No exceptional case of hardship can set aside the rule.

G. T. M., Attleboro.—We have no idea what the monument cost.

O'NEILL, Paterson.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

E. S., Bryant's Pond.—We presume the show has collapsed, as we have heard nothing of it for some time.

J. L. M., Paducah.—Better consult someone who has been in the business.

J. W., Philadelphia.—There are both two-masted and three-masted schooners.

J. V. O., Elgin.—When the President makes such a requisition, the Governor cannot well avoid honoring it.

SIGS, Detroit.—D does not have another throw for that bet.

P. H. C., New Haven.—We do not know what the population of Third avenue, this city, is; nor does anybody else.

E. C., Norfolk.—A is out. Every point at cassino is a "natural" one.

H. M.—The Crystal Palace, this city, was burned Oct. 5, 1858.

J. J. B., Jefferson City.—1,463, by John McDevitt, in Chicago.

NED C.—The dealer having declared himself "alone," no one can go alone against him.

YOUNG VIOLIN.—The transposition can be made from the major to minor key, or vice versa.

W. F. DICKESON.—"H. A. Dickeson, Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa. To be called for."

COLONEL, Jacksonville.—The lines quoted are spoken in "Led Astray," and not in "Divorce."

E. W. B., Philadelphia.—Forty-five cents for each insertion.

W. C. J., New Orleans.—The lady was in this city Aug. 21. A letter directed care of this office will reach her.

L. H., Oswego, Ill.—Thank you; it shall have an early appearance.

W. W. L., Parkersburg.—All received, and they will be given shortly.

SIXTY-THIRD STREET.—B can rectify his error at any time before the trick is turned.

C. S. H., Newark.—That is not cribbage. State the exact nature of the dispute.

G. H. N., Indian Orchard.—Judge Fullerton the trotter is twelve years old.

W. S. M., Chicago.—The time is not official in England, and therefore not of record.

C. H., Saratoga.—Joe Coburn was born in Ireland July 20, 1835.

MISS D. B., West Mount Vernon.—If you used the title of the novel, you could not copyright that title.

C. F. B. Jr., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. See Circus Summary of this issue.

D. S., Dayton.—No answers by mail. The Hutchinson Family were recently singing in Maine.

H. J. C., Detroit.—They played in England from July 30 to Aug. 27, 1874.

O. D. M., Buffalo.—Seventy-five cents for each insertion.

SUBSCRIBER, South Boston.—1. It was a base-hit. 2. A loses.

J. H. C., Winnsboro.—1. The nine refusing to play forfeit by 9 to 0. 2. The backers of the C Club lose.

J. C., London.—The Buckeyes defeated the Alleghenies, but it was the fifth game, and does not, therefore, count.

SAUCEMITER.—When in training, Longfellow stood within a fraction of 17 hands in height.

M. J. K., Phila.—No horse in this country, to our knowledge, has ever been sold for $30,000.

P. P. F., Waltham.—It is the most won games, not most series, that gives the pennant.

C. H. R., Manchester.—The nine refusing to play forfeited the game, 9 to 0.

F. C., Brooklyn.—The Crimean War was begun in 1853.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—B with his low-jack.

A. P. H.—He loses one. This is the modern practice.

HELENA, Ark.—We are not familiar with that game.

F. S., Pittsburg.—Under our rule, your friend loses.

W. S. L., Carlisle.—There is an opera of that name.

J. T. AND T. J., Eureka.—A could not play alone.

JACK, Chicago.—B is out on his high-low-game.

REGULAR.—They have no right to sell liquor.

J. C., Mansfield.—1. Only one error. 2. Yes.

C. H., Baltimore.—B can separate the build.

J. A., Boston.—They are professionals.

R. G., St. Louis.—59 is out on high-low.

D. S. GEARY.—Yes; sent as requested.

W. P. C., Phila.—We give it up.

SUBS.—Certainly there can be.

BOSTON.—B scores for game.

A. F. PARK.—Out of print.

J. J. C., Ottawa.—A wins.

MOLLS, Phila.—B leads.

J. A.—State the wager.

THE LOSS TO THE STAGE.

The death of any man who has achieved honorable distinction in his line of life must be regarded as a common misfortune. It matters comparatively little what shape genius assumes—whether displaying itself in art, literature, statesmanship or warfare, its loss is to be deplored by the world at large. Not music alone suffered when Mozart died, nor art when Michael Angelo breathed his last. Genius has no nationality, and for this reason its loss affects all men. The civilized world, and not Germany alone, mourned the death of Goethe, just as all the world, and not France alone, will mourn for Victor Hugo. Genius, in whatever form it manifests itself, is a general blessing; so its loss is a general misfortune.

THE CLIPPER this week is called upon to chronicle the death of an old and esteemed member of the theatrical profession—one who had been long identified with the American stage, and who had won distinguished honors both at home and abroad. Mr. Davenport leaves a name which will be long cherished, not only because of his triumphs in art, but also because of his blameless life. It is not our purpose, in this connection, to sketch the career of the dead actor. In another column will be found a thorough account of his life, from which the reader will be able to form his own estimate of Davenport's professional standing. While, therefore, we leave to others the task of determining his position in art, we cannot refrain from paying a tribute, humble though it be, to the character of the man who has passed from our midst. Mr. Davenport was a true friend, a desirable companion, and an upright citizen. He was thoroughly conscientious, both in his art and in his dealings with others. To this trait, more, perhaps, than to any other, was due the success which crowned his efforts. Whatever he undertook he did with all the power he possessed. Nothing was too trivial to be slighted. He worked laboriously during the earlier days of his career, and in a measure he reaped the reward which comes of honest and persistent effort. The friends he made were lasting ones. His success as an actor was not sudden, nor was it always uninterrupted. Like other men, he met with the reverses of fortune, as well as its smiles; but whether in adversity or prosperity he clung fast to the golden maxim of his life, which was to do well whatsoever his hands found to do. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Mr. Davenport's fame that his talents were of so diversified a nature. But it speaks volumes in his praise that, in turning the sharp angles he did, he never once slighted the work which for the time engaged his attention. The talents entrusted to his care were hidden under no napkin of indolence, nor hurled in any slough of vice. They were put to the best possible use, and they returned abundant interest. Now that he lies dead, the many good qualities of E. L. Davenport will be remembered by all who knew him. A sincere, earnest, honorable man, loving his art and treading always in the path of duty, he leaves behind a memory bright with professional triumphs and fragrant with good deeds.

It would seem that the American stage is called upon to mourn almost simultaneously the loss of a number of its old and distinguished followers. Benedict De Bar's death, which preceded that of Davenport by a few days only, is to be deplored none the less deeply because it was expected. Mr. De Bar was a representative of the old school of actors, which has wellnigh passed away. Like Davenport, he had won his spurs by the dint of hard work. He began at the foot of the ladder, and mounted slowly, never two rounds at a time. [illegible] day, but both the past and the present knew him, and, knowing him, they appreciated him. Ben De Bar—for in any more precise form his name sounds unnatural—was a warm favorite both before and behind the footlights. A reference to THE CLIPPER's biography of him will show that his career was a diversified one. If, as a director of theatres, he suffered some reverses, he gained a goodly share of success. He was a clever actor, a capable manager, and a reliable man. His life and character may be studied with profit by the younger members of the profession, and especially by those who are overanxious to snatch the crown before they have schooled themselves to bear the cross.

It is to be admitted that, of most arts, the actor's brings the least enduring fame. Even the giants of the English stage in the golden era of the Siddons are known to the great mass of the people only by name. Their strong points, their favorite characters, their peculiarities and their distinctive traits are already forgotten. We cannot hope that either Davenport or De Bar will be very long remembered in this hustling, forgetful age. Yet their loss is a common loss to humanity; and to those who knew them best, who held them dearest, their memories will remain forever precious.

GREAT COMPETITION between the old broad-gauge and new narrow-gauge railroad lines from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. On Sunday last passengers were carried far from twenty-five cents to fifty cents each *for the round trip!* Thousands of persons availed themselves of going to the seashore because the fare was so low, and many a man spent a week's wages after he got there! Houp-la!

SINCE the sculling-race at Saratoga was decided in favor of Courtney, all interest in the late cup of dosed tea seems to have subsided.

TAKING ADVANTAGE of the hard times, a large number of business-men and savings-banks are making money by failing.

"WHOM the gods love die young," yet Brigham attained a ripe old age; so he is not one of the "loved and lost."

"KREITZMEYER'S REWENGE," which is crowded out this week, will be continued in our next.

HARLEM ATHLETIC CLUB.

The second annual field-meeting of the above club was held at the grounds of the N. Y. A. C., Mott Haven, on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 1. The programme was a very fine one, embracing no less than a dozen events, each of which filled well, the track was in capital condition, and, as the weather was delightful, there was a tolerably large assemblage of those who admire athletic pastimes. The competitions were generally very interesting, while the four-mile walk and several of the races were quite exciting, though in the majority of instances the favorites won. Excellent form was shown by young Holske in the mile and four-mile walks, both of which he won. Parmley and Curtis made a great show of strength in the hammer-throwing, the latter also pressing Saportas hard in the final heat of the hundred-yards run, and R. Morgan running fast, strong, and with admirable judgment in the mile and the half-mile. Following is the return:

One hundred yards run—*First heat*: F. Saportas (H. A. C.), 1; Wm. Holden (Adelphi A. C.), 2. Time, 11¼sec. *Second heat*: Wm. B. Curtis (N. Y. A. C.), 1; H. Lauterbach (New York), 2. Time, 11sec. *Third heat*: F. Henshaw (H. A. C.), 1; E. B. Footn (N. Y. A. C.), 2. Time 11¼sec. *Final heat*: Saportas, 1; Curtis, 2. Time, 10¾sec.

One-mile run—R. Morgan (H. A. C.), 1; C. Vought (Yonkers A. C.), 2. Time, 4min. 46½sec. Morgan came to the front in the last lap.

One-mile walk—E. C. Holske (H. A. C.), 1; W. Bernes (H. A. C.), 2; T. B. Betes (H. A. C.), 3. Time, 7min. 26sec. The contest was close and spirited throughout, and the winner, who walked in his customary fair style, deserved all the applause he received.

Throwing the hammer—G. D. Parmley (Princeton, N. J.), 83ft.; W. B. Curtis, 76ft. 10in. Another of Parmley's throws measured 80ft. 2in.

Quarter mile run—*First heat*: William H. Griffen (Scottish-American A. C.), 1; T. C. Duffy (H. A. C.), 2; Wm. Childs (H. A. C.), 3. Time, 59sec. *Second heat*—T. Roberts (New York), 1; J. H. Stokem (A. A. C.), 2. Time, 1m. 4sec. *Third heat*—J. Horn (Electric B. and A. C.), walked over. *Fourth heat*—J. H. Ferguson (Y. A. C.), 1. *Final heat*—Roberts, 1; Griffen, 2. Time, 61sec.

Pole-vaulting—L. Freeman (Turn Verein), 8ft. 11in.; Wm. Irvine (Y. A. C.), second.

220yds. run—F. Saportas won the first heat, E. Merritt (N. Y. A. C.), the second, and A. Anderson (S. A. A. C.) the third. *Final heat*—Saportas, 1; Merritt, 2. Time, 21sec.

Four-mile walk—E. C. Holske, 1; T. H. Armstrong (H. A. C.), 2. The winner was closely pressed by Armstrong, from whom he won by but two yards. Time, 31min. 2sec.

Running broad-jump—William T. Livingston (H. A. C.), 19ft. 1in.; P. Johnson (U. A. C.), 18ft. 8in.

One-hundred-yards run, club handicap—*First heat*—J. D. Ribler, 6 yards start, 11½sec. *Second heat*—T. C. Duffy, 3 yards, 11sec.; F. Henshaw, 1 yard, 11¼sec. *Final heat*—Ribler, 1; W. W. White, 2; Henshaw, 3. Time, 11sec.

Hitch-and-kick—A. H. Oakes (Y. M. C. A.), 8ft. 3in.; G. D. Hillyer (A. C. A.), 7ft. 9in.

Half-mile run, club—R. Morgan, 1; F. Bonham, 2.

H. E. Buermeyer was referee and judge of walking; judges at finish, Saml. Pickford and A. H. Curtis; time-keepers, G. H. Pierce and Ed. Plummer; clerk of course, W. I. K. Kendrick; assistant, E. C. Koester.

A USEFUL WORK, recently issued by the Souvenir Publishing Company, Bible House, New York, is "The Traveler's Complete Note-book," being an easy system for recording events, incidents, places and objects seen and met with on a tour. It is equally useful for business purposes and for commercial travelers.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLE.—The amount, one hundred dollars a side, placed in our hands on behalf of the wrestling-match between James Owens and Charles H. Murphy, to take place in Boston, Sept. 12, was handed by us to the final stakeholder, Richard A. Pennell, on Sept. [illegible]

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Aug. 27: It was reported that on the 24th a band of Indians, commanded by Chiefs Joseph, Looking-glass and White Bird, attacked two Montana parties, killing seventeen persons......Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Barber were stated to have been shot at their home, in Belmont, N.Y., by a tramp, the former being killed, and the latter perhaps mortally wounded......An exhumation of the remains of J. H. Mackay at Cincinnati, O., showed that death resulted from congestion of the brain......The body of a man found tied to a block of granite in Bristol Harbor, R. I., was supposed to be that of Ezra Baxter of Providence......Strikers threw a railroad-train from the track near Honesdale, Pa., Engineer Muir being slightly injured......James Krady of Batesville, Miss., was stated to have been shot dead on the 25th by Andrew Porter, whom he had murderously assaulted......After attempting to murder his wife, Louis Dash committed suicide at Saint Paris, O......Governor Hubbard denied that Texan troops had been instructed to pursue Mexican marauders across the border......Wm. Lindemann of Newark, N. J., committed suicide because his wife had deserted him......The dead body of Valentine Lenam, who had shot himself, was found in Evergreens Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I.......Fires: The depot-buildings at Camp Douglas, Wis., with Brown's Hotel—loss about $17,000.

*** Aug. 28: Levi Fosselman, a retired merchant, formerly of Baltimore, Md., was reported murdered on the 20th, near Wichita, Kansas......John Haynes was fatally shot by Martin Laughlin, near Aurora, Mo......The failure of the State Savings Institution of Chicago, Ill., was announced......An engine fell through the open draw of a railroad-bridge at West Farms, N. Y., the engineer, James Mawn, being drowned......At Richmond, Ky., ex-Sheriff Walter Sands and Jack Ballard were killed by Town-marshal Gus Edwards and others......Cabin news: The Turks won the earthworks at the opening of the Schipka Pass, after desperate fighting, the losses upon both sides being enormous. Greece gave pacific assurances to Turkey. The Poles are inclined to remain quiet. A telegram from Vienna said that in several churches in Hungary a "Te Deum" has been celebrated and prayers offered for further Turkish victories. The Vatican has instructed the bishops to prevent this in future......William O'Sullivan, sexton of a Roman Catholic church in Chicago, Ill., shot and instantly killed Miss Kate Branneck, and afterwards committed suicide......Sarah A. Davis, who had procured a Utah divorce from her first husband and married a second, was found guilty of bigamy in the Circuit Court of Campbell County, Ky., and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary......Newton N. Brown, a farmer, blew out his brains with a shotgun at Millbrook, N. Y......Charles Brown was fatally shot at Bristol, Ct., while in the act of committing a burglary......John Eccles, a miner, was killed, and several others injured, by a railroad accident near Pittsburg, Pa......The Sixth Maryland Regiment voluntarily disbanded......Gore Block, at Paris, Ont., was burned; loss $25,000, partially insured.

*** Aug. 29: A passenger-train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad fell into a creek near Des Moines, Iowa, twenty persons being killed, and many more wounded......Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church, died at Salt Lake City, Utah......The return to the United States of Sitting Bull, with one thousand warriors, was announced. Fears are entertained that he will unite with Chief Joseph......Cabin news: The Roumanians have crossed the Danube in force, with the purpose of outflanking Osman Pasha. The Servian army was ready to move. It was estimated that six millions of people will die of famine in Southern India. Luigi De Luca, a prominent merchant in Rome, Italy, has failed for $400,000, and absconded. Gen. Grant had arrived at Edinburgh, Scotland, and was the guest of the Lord-provost......Railway disasters: Passenger and freight-trains collided at the depot of the Hudson-river Railroad, in Hudson, N. Y., Thomas Ryan, fireman, being killed, and Engineer Charles Somers, injured; cause, carelessness of a flagman. A freight-train ran off the track at Hansell's Station, O., George Heogin and Fillmore Fagley losing their lives, and two others being badly hurt. An engine and a baggage-car were thrown from the track near South Berwick, Me., and badly wrecked......A man named Steele, from Wilmington, Del., was drowned while bathing at Cape May, N. J......Frank Sharran, a horseman, died from injuries caused by jumping from a third-story window at Fredericton, N. B......The body of a man named Riley, who had been scalded to death, was found at Nantucket Beach, Mass......James Purdy, colored, was shot dead at Coscob, Ct., by "Tink" Johnson, also colored......The giving-way of a scaffolding at Montreal, Canada, precipitated A. Bertand and D. D. Langlois a distance of sixty feet, causing almost instant death......Suicides: John M. Kunckel, aged 61, of this city, by drowning; Mr. Marshall, prompter of the Aimee Opera-bouffe Troupe, was stated to have jumped overboard from the steamer Labrador at sea on the 26th......Fires: The village of Ashland, Ill., was nearly consumed—loss $25,000, insurance $10,000; the Hamburg Distillery, at Pekin, Ill.—loss $25,000, insurance $5,000; Levi Wilson's new house and barn, at East Thompson, Ct.—loss $10,000, partly insured......Barney Murray, a blacksmith, was burned to death at Pekin, Ill.

*** Aug. 30: An excursion-train ran into a group of persons at Salem, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Swazey, their son Wilbur, and Miss Rachel Gifford, a sister of Mrs. Swazey, being killed, and another person injured......Chas. Johnson, aged 27, was shot dead by Ephraim Williams, aged 17, at Southwick, Mass......Mrs. Anna A. Hanlon of Milwaukee was stated to have committed suicide by taking poison at Stratford, Ont., on the 26th......Michael Long of Newark, N. J., took his life in like manner......Cable news: There was a lull in the fighting at the Schipka [illegible] the Russo-Servian alliance. The Russians began a forward movement in Armenia. Two thousand Italians have offered their services to the Greek army. The Governor of Crete denied five hundred Christian families permission to leave that island. The report of the death of Yakoob Khan of Cashgar was confirmed; he was assassinated by the son of the former ruler of Yarkand......Fires: Eighteen buildings at Ashland, Ill.—loss $32,000, covered by insurance; the railway lumber-yard at Perth, Ont.—loss $33,000, insured for $3,000; the pattern-shop connected with the Palo Alto Rolling-mills, Pottsville, Pa.—loss $10,000, partially insured.

*** Aug. 31: Ten thousand persons witnessed the dedication of a monument of John Brown at Ossawatomie, Kansas......John Costello, aged forty-seven, shot himself fatally in this city......An incendiary fire caused the destruction of ten blocks of business and dwelling houses at Paris, Mo., involving a loss of over $1,000,000......Other fires: George H. Williams' country residence, near Baltimore, Md.—loss $15,000, insured; Filgor & Son's wood-bending establishment and Shearer & Hoodley's dwellings, at New Springfield, O.—loss $13,000, uninsured; Botsford's spice-mills and other property, at Wheeling, West Va.—loss $12,000, insured......Cable news: The Turks drove the Russian army of the Lom from three important positions on the 30th, Mehemet Ali commanding in person. Bulgarian executions were still going on at Adrianople, the batches of victims averaging fourteen each, and the majority being of the wealthy classes. The freedom of the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, was presented to Gen. Grant by the Lord-provost. A military tribunal has passed sentence of death upon M. Lyaz, who acted as Deputy-mayor of the Twelfth Arrondissement, France, during the Commune, and was guilty of incendiarism and ordering illegal arrests. M. Gambetta, at the examination before the Judge d'Instruction in Paris, said he accepted full responsibility for the publication of his Lille speech, but protested that in making the speech he did not intend to slander or insult anyone.

*** Sept. 1: Dr. Lewis Stein, whose son committed suicide in this city some weeks ago, leaped from the Niagara Suspension Bridge into the rapids, and was drowned......Cable news: Popkoi was reported abandoned, and the Russian position completely turned. Baker Pasha (Col. Valentine Baker), who led the Turkish cavalry charge, and who had two horses shot under him, was reported missing......Mary Ann O'Hara of Newark, N. J., was burned to death by the explosion of a can of kerosene......John Westeroen leaped from a fourth-story window in this city, and was instantly killed......The Sandwich Savings Bank, Boston, Mass., was pronounced insolvent......In endeavoring to prevent the escape from prison at Wethersfield, Ct., of Henry Hamlin and Bill Allen, Night-watchman Wells Shipman was shot and mortally wounded by the former......Fred Webster accidentally shot and perhaps fatally wounded himself near Catskill, N. Y.

*** Sept. 2: Brigham Young was buried at Salt Lake City, Utah......Robert Bell hanged himself at Harrisburg, Pa......The boy Gus Lovering, who was taken to Philadelphia from Clarke County, O., upon the supposition that he was Charley Ross, was pronounced by Mr. and Mrs. Ross not to be their son......Joseph Montelice was gored and trampled to death by a mad bull at Albany, N. Y......At Halifax, N. S., Archibald Bantillier shot two men named McLeod and Ferguson, the former fatally, while they were trying to rob Bantillier's dairy......At Harrisonburg, Va., Louisa Lawson was found guilty as accessory before the fact of murder in the first degree in the killing of her husband, D. G. Lawson......Business failures in Europe: F. E. Field & Co., bankers of Frankfort—liabilities $1,000,000; Elias Gaskell, cotton-spinner of Mellor—liabilities $300,000......The Standard Oil-works, at Long Island City, were damaged by fire to the extent of $7,000.

*** Sept. 3: A fire which broke out in the piano-factory of Joseph P. Hale, in this city, destroyed the block bounded by Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, and Tenth and Eleventh avenues. It was thought that nearly one hundred lives were lost. Among the buildings consumed were a number of tenement-houses, whose occupants lost nearly everything.

PIGEON FLYING.—The following fly took place at Philadelphia the past week: Monday, Aug. 27, from Reading to Philadelphia, fifty-eight miles, by the Philadelphia Union Pigeon-flying Society, for three money prizes. There were nine entries, all young birds bred last Spring, and the result was as follows: Peter Kerabaw, 1h.11m.10s.; Jno. Dalton, 1.27:43; Jas. Grist, 1.27:45; Jno. Parker of West Philadelphia, 1.29:10; Jno. Grist, 1.42:45; Arthur Chambers, 1.57:30; Jno. Kerwin, 2.14:00. Another entry was made by Arthur Chambers and R. Looney, but it was ruled out. Jno. Walton and Peter Kershaw were tossers and timekeepers at Reading. Judges at Philadelphia, Arthur Chambers, John Parker, Jas. Grist and Stephen Kershaw. Another fly took place on the 28th, from Reading, for a purse of $30, between Simon Kemp of Manayunk, Arthur Chambers and Fred Smith. Jno. Dalton was stakeholder and timer at the finish, and Bill Evans timer at Reading. Chambers entered an ash-colored bird, which made the distance in 1h. 36m. 48s. Smith entered a redchecker; time, 1h. 42m. 3s. Kemp entered an ash-colored bird; time, 1h. 57m. 33s. Kemp flew from Manayunk, having allowed Chambers 8m. 33s., and Smith 8m. Since the foregoing, Chambers and Smith flew a match for a purse of $10, from Manayunk to Philadelphia, seven miles. Chambers' bird came in ahead in 8m. 35s.

CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS.—The entry-list for the eighth annual Fall games of the New York Athletic Club and the second annual championship of America contains the names of about all the athletes of prominence belonging to local clubs and organizations in other cities in the East, with several representatives from Canada. This insures a first-class meeting at the Mott Haven Grounds on Saturday, Sept. 8, and with so much "talent" on hand there is every reason to believe that, under favorable circumstances, the present records will be excelled in a number of instances. The events, with the number of entries received for each, are: 100yds. run, thirteen; 220yds. run, ten; 440yds. run, seven; 880yds. run, five; mile run, seven; mile walk, five; 3-mile walk, six; 7-mile walk, four; hurdle-race, 120yds., six; pole-leaping, eight; throwing the hammer, five; putting the shot, five; running high-jump, six; running broad-jump, eight; tug-of-war, three. The games will commence at two o'clock P. M.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ADAMS, Alvin—Founder of the Adams Express Company. His first start in the business of expressage was in 1840, when he established an office in Boston in connection with P. B. Burke, who at the end of six months withdrew discouraged. In 1841 Mr. Adams established a branch office in this city, and placed W. B. Dinsmore in charge of it. In 1842-3 E. S. Sanford became agent of Adams in Philadelphia, and later, through the agency of S. M. Shoemaker of Baltimore, an express was established from Philadelphia to Washington. In 1849 Adams & Co.'s California Express was instituted, and in 1854 Adams & Co. were consolidated in a joint-stock concern with the Harden Express (W. F. Harden, the original expressman, had died in 1848), Kinsley & Co.'s, and Huey & Co.'s, the title of the consolidation being the Adams Express Co. In that year Alvin Adams purchased an estate at Watertown, Mass., and retired from business. He had a splendid collection of statuary and paintings. Among it is Powers' "Greek Slave." He was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1804—Watertown, about Sept. 1.

ALBRO, George A.—Of the well-known New York grocers Albro & Bros.—White Plains, N. Y., Aug. 28.

AYRES, David—Proprietor for many years of a large sawmill in Newark, N. J. In 1859, and again in 1866, he sat in the State Legislature—Newark, Sept. 2, aged about 60.

BIZARRI, Cardinal Giuseppe Andrea—Born at Paliano on May 11, 1802, and raised to the purple by Pius IX on March 16, 1863—Italy, about Aug. 27.

BLANCHARD, E. Wyatt—The son of a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and born in Annapolis, Md., in 1829. He was a lawyer of good practice, a Democrat of sound standing, an unswerving opponent of Know-nothingism, and in times past an honored member of the Baltimore City Council—Baltimore, Aug. 29, aged 48.

BULLITT, William C.—Born in Jefferson County, Ky., in 1793, and son of the Alexander S. Bullitt who in 1799 presided over the second Constitutional Convention ever assembled in Kentucky. The son represented Jefferson County in the third Constitutional Convention, held in 1850. He had studied law, but shattered health early forced him to seek refuge at his farm, where he remained until his death. Two of his sons, Judge J. F. and Thomas W., are prominent members of the Louisville bar; John C., another son, is a lawyer in Philadelphia; and his daughters are Mrs. Dr. Chenoweth and the widow of U. S. Senator Archibald Dixon—Louisville, Ky., about Aug. 29, aged 84.

BURDEN, Dr. Jesse R.—Son of the late Dr. Jesse R. Burden, a former State Senator of Pennsylvania. He was a brother-in-law of ex-Postmaster Fairman of Philadelphia, and about 1872 married a niece of James Murdoch the tragedian. He was graduated from Jefferson Medical College—Philadelphia, Aug. 31.

CONESTABILE, Count—One of the most eminent of Italian archæologists. He was born in Perugia, Italy—that country, recently.

CREEVEY, Capt. James H.—Of Meriden, Ct.—at sea, Aug. 13, aged 49.

CUNARD, Edward—Second son of the late Sir Edward Cunard, founder of the Cunard line of steamships. He was the brother of Sir Bache Cunard, who has been spending some time in this country. Killed by a collision of horses while playing polo—England, Aug. 30.

COX, Sir Edmund—Fourteenth baronet of that name. He had many years ago served in the Eighty-seventh Royal Irish Fusileers, and, like so many of his brother-soldiers, he settled on half-pay in Canada—Quebec, recently, aged 80.

DEXTER, John T.—Of English literary note, and a regular contributor to *The London Athenæum* and other leading publications in Great Britain, besides having for a number of years been the regular correspondent of *The Evening Telegraph* of Philadelphia, and a contributor to *The American Architect* of Boston. He had also, for quite a while, been the private secretary of Sir Charles Dilke, M. P. He visited this country in 1876 in the interest of the London journals—London, Eng., Aug. 13, aged 36.

DAVENPORT, Edward L.—American tragedian. (See "Amusement Annals.")—Canton, Pa., Sept. 1, aged 61.

DE BAR, Ben—Veteran actor, and pecuniarily the most successful manager, as regards lengthened service, the American stage has ever known. (See Amusement Annals)—St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 29, aged 64.

DAVENPORT, H. H.—One of the Davenport Brothers whose "Cabinet Mysteries" were a sensation in this country about a dozen years ago. His brother and his wife, the daughter of E. D. Davies the ventriloquist, survive him—Sydney, N. S. Wales, July 2, of consumption.

EMMONS, John S.—Democratic politician of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was twice a member of the Legislature, twice Associate Judge of Dutchess County, and several times Supervisor—Poughkeepsie, Sept. 1, aged 82.

FRANCIS, John—A colored centenarian. He was a slave in Maryland for half of his lifetime, and about 1825 obtained his freedom through the death of his master and the kindness of his master's widow, who sent him North by means of "the underground railroad." Since then he had resided in or near White Plains, N. Y.—"Nigger Hill," Harrison, Westchester County, N. Y., Aug. 26, aged 103.

GIBT, George W.—Of the U. S. Navy, and a native of Philadelphia, Pa.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 30, aged 43.

GARRISON SR., Major A. F.—U. S. Vice-consul at Guaymas, Mexico. He was a native of New Jersey, and had served in the Seminole and Mexican [illegible]

[illegible]—Ex-Chancellor of the State of New Jersey. He was born at Elizabeth in that State, and was graduated from Princeton College in 1810. He at once began practice as a lawyer. In politics he was practically a Whig at first, but farther on became a Democrat in sympathy. He possessed widely recognized ability as a scholar, and a few years ago made a translation of the Book of Job. He was the first Chancellor of New Jersey under the new Constitution, and served from 1845 to 1852—Lyons Farm, N. J., Aug. 29, aged 85.

JACQUES, Dr. D. H.—Formerly editor of *The Rural Carolinian*, and author of several works on agriculture—near Fernandina, Fla., Aug. 28.

JEROME, Thomas A.—Brother of Lawrence and Leonard W. Jerome. He resided in the village of Glen Cove, L. I., just beyond the recent settlement of "New Jerusalem" on the eastern shore of the month of Hempstead Harbor, and in years past took delight in yachting and gunning. He had a fondness for jokes either verbal or harmlessly practical, was a general favorite, and for many a year had been the life of the daily trips of the steamboats Arrowsmith and Seawanhaka. The past Summer he was manifestly feebler in his movements than ever before, but yet attended to his daily duties. He was an earnest and outspoken Republican, and held a position in the Custom-house for a number of years, and had been Harbor-master under Governor Fenton—Glen Cove, L. I., Aug. 31, aged 65.

JOHNSTON, Hiram C.—Of firm of Johnston, Holloway & Son—Washington, N. J., Aug. 29.

LEPETIT, Alphonse—A Republican life-senator of France—that country, about Aug. 30.

LAZEAR, Gen. Jesse—He had been a brigadier-general of the Pennsylvania militia, was a member of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congress, and had been connected with the Bank of Waynesburg. He moved to Maryland in 1862, and was senior member of the firm of Jesse Lazear & Co. of Baltimore—that city, Sept. 2, aged 73.

MARSH, Rev. Abraham—One of the oldest Congregational clergymen in Connecticut. He was for some time the president of the Connecticut Bible Society—Tolland, Mass., Sept. 2.

McMAHON, Elizabeth—Widow of Capt. H. J. McMahon—Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 31, aged 35.

MILLER, Theodora—Daughter of Judge Miller of the Court of Appeals of this State—Hudson, N. Y., Aug. 31, aged 18.

MUMFORD, Rev. Thomas J.—He was a native of Newport, R. I., but passed his youth in the South. Early in his maturity he came North and was identified with the anti-slavery movement. He preached in Detroit, Mich., and in Dorchester, Mass., and about 1869 succeeded the Rev. S. W. Bush as editor-in-chief of *The Christian Register* of Boston. He was originally an Episcopalian, but afterwards embraced Unitarianism, and studied for the ministry in the Meadville (Pa.) Seminary—Boston, Mass., Aug. 29, aged about 50.

MILLER, Josiah W.—Member of the Produce Exchange of this city. Drowned while awaiting the arrival of his wife on the Red Bank steamboat—Pier 33, North River, this city, Aug. 27.

MINER, Judge John L.—Formerly of the Superior Court of Ohio. Dropped dead on the sidewalk—Cincinnati, O., Aug. 30.

MURPHY, William D.—A resident of the Seventh Ward of this city for over fifty years, and at one time a representative of it in the Common Council. During the Civil War he was chairman and treasurer of the Committee for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Soldiers—this city, Aug. 26, aged 81.

PARKER, Capt. Louis—An old settler on the island of Galveston, Texas, where of late years he had been a sail-manufacturer. Under Gen. Sam Houston he participated in the Battle of San Jacinto, and during the Mexican War he was the guide that marked out the advance of General Scott's army into Mexico—Galveston, Aug. 22.

ROSS, J. B.—A leading Southern merchant—Macon, Ga., Aug. 29, aged 69.

SMITH, George Townshend Smith—Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and secretary and organizer of the celebrated Three-choirs Festival—England, recently.

STANTON, Edwin L.—Son of the late Secretary of War of that name. He was born in Pennsylvania, and was graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1853, with the highest honors of his Alma Mater. He immediately entered upon the study of law under the direction of his father, and was admitted to the bar in Washington in January, 1868. For several years he was the counsel of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company, and managed its business with much ability. He was Secretary of the District of Columbia from May 1, 1871, to November, 1873, and its attorney from July, 1874, to October, 1876—Washington, D. C., Aug. 29.

SHANNON, Ex-Gov. Wilson—Since 1856 he had practiced law in Lawrence, Kansas. He was born in Belmont County, O., in 1802, and was educated at Athens College, in that State, and at Transylvania University, in Kentucky. In 1835 he was Prosecuting-attorney for Ohio, in 1838-40 and also in 1842-4 he was Governor of that State, in 1844 he became Minister to Mexico, in 1853-5 he sat in Congress, and in 1855-6 he was Territorial Governor of Kansas—Lawrence, Kansas, Aug. 30, aged 75.

SEMMES, Raphael—Commander of the Confederate cruiser "290," better known as the Alabama, which was sunk by the Kearsarge on June 19, 1864, and which in two years had destroyed about $6,500,000 worth of property in merchantmen. Prior to this he had commanded another cruiser, the steamship Sumter, of which he took command at the outbreak of the Civil War, after resigning his position of secretary of the Lighthouse Board at Washington, D. C. After the close of the war he began practicing law in Mobile, Ala., but was indicted for treason and taken to Washington for a trial that never occurred. Since then he had given lectures and had written books, the latter comprising "Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico," "Service Afloat and Ashore During the Mexican War," "The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter," and "Memoirs of Service Afloat During the War between the States."

[illegible]

THE TURF.

SARATOGA RACES.

[illegible]

MONMOUTH PARK RACES.

[illegible]

HARTFORD TROTTING MEETING.

[illegible]

AQUATIC.

THE NEWBURG BAY REGATTA.

[illegible]

DAVIS CHALLENGES BIGLIN.

[illegible]

BILLIARDS.

[illegible]

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Last Game of the Series.

The Louisville Clubs last Eastern tour this season ended with their twelfth game with the Hartford club on Aug. 31, when the Louisville team were defeated, as usual, by the Hartfords, after a very interesting and closely contested match (as the largest attendance of spectators on the Hartford grounds this season only 300 people witnessing the contest. The Hartfords presented the strongest team they had placed in the field this year. Hartfords's centre-field display in this game being a marvellous one, the Louisville team, as Bradley, though but just out of a sick-bed, so strenuously tried to win, by his presence in the team, at his first play at the bat, so in the field as to make the victory the Hartfords's, yet it was a fact that the Louisville team's superior fielding alone saved the game from being which the Louisville ball nine show to win, even with the damaging error by the pitcher, in a block in the sixth. Hartwick opened the contest with a ball in Cuyler's hand, and Cuyler's error in the field, then Barnes gave the punishment inflicted upon Devlin in the first two innings, to Cuyler, for a Home run, and Hartfords were occupied and two players were out—Carey having struck out—Carey running home. In our last first period in an inning's play when cushions and force are a factor, Hartfords's first play at the bat, Carey's error, Ferguson's base hit, Barnes's, and Devlin's, was not, and a sick ball player, Bradley, in the Louisville team, at his first at bat with a sore ankle, by his Home run, Ferguson being on base, a fine throw to home prevented a Home run, Barnes's, and Devlin's, being given to out on Start at home base, a fine throw to home by the Louisville team, and a fine catch by Start, Hartfords's first play at the bat, ended in a blank. Louisville's first play at the bat, Start's error, Hartfords's Home run, Start's, Hartfords's, Devlin's, Barnes's, and Devlin's base hit, Ferguson was on hand, and Start's base hit, Ferguson's base hit, Barnes's, Bradley's and muff of Carey, Hazzie secured his base; but in the second inning Hartfords's first play at the bat, and Hartfords's first play at the bat, Hartfords's first play at the bat, Hartfords's first play at the bat,

COMEDY.—BEN DE BAR: Died Aug. 28. TRAGEDY.—E. L. DAVENPORT: Died Sept. 1.

FOR BIOGRAPHIES SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

BEN DE BAR AS FALSTAFF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD S. CREAMER.

No forced sport is here, nor studied joke,
  But nature's merry, meaty ampleness,
Subdued, yet colored by a master-stroke
  Of genius wonderful in act and dress.
O sack and sugar knight! all capon-lined;
  O urbane rascal! fat and sleek and lazy;
O wretch! all selfishness, yet almost kind;
  O rogue! to make Dame Quickly charge so crazy;
O highway robber! friend of Hal and Poins;
  O laughter-loving wag! so short of breath—
You carry the past age upon your loins,
  And sink to nothingness to conquer death:
Great Shakespeare's self could say, if here from far,
"This is Jack Falstaff, and not Ben De Bar."

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXXIII.

BENEDICT DE BAR.

No. XIV of these papers was devoted to a biography of the actor who was then in abundant health and spirits, but who died during the week just closed. That publication having been so recent, it is not our purpose to repeat it here to any great extent.

Of French descent upon the side of his father, who died in Ireland upwards of fifty years ago, and of Welsh descent upon the side of his mother, who, being then much more than a septuagenarian, died in St. Louis twenty-three years ago, Benedict De Bar was born in London on Nov. 6, 1812. While he was yet an infant, his parents, both non-professionals, took up their residence in Hillsborough, County Down, Ireland, and in that country he was reared. His father's death and the needs of his mother required that he should early leave school, and he procured employment in the ballet of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, at a salary of ten shillings per week. As a dancer he was subsequently engaged at Drury-lane and at Covent-garden, London, and his dramatic experience began at Brighton as a utility-man, his first speaking part being in "She Stoops to Conquer." As an actor he afterwards played at the Victoria and the Surrey Theatre, London. An arrangement was made by which an admission to the Victoria also carried with it ...

... which time he every night did Mose else at the Chetham in "New York As It Is." Towards the close of 1848, De Bar attempted to portray Mose, instead of Sykesey, at one of the minor London theatres; but he was scarcely more successful than Barney Williams was in it in New York as well as in Philadelphia, if not elsewhere. As there was but one Sykesey, in the person of the father of Willie Seymour, and but one Porgy Joe, in the person of Jack Winans, so there were but one Mose and but one Lize (Mary Taylor)—though, as to the last, Emily Mestayer and Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder (who did it at Niblo's) were not so very far behind. ...

... not find another man so young who, with so much ease and quiet, could go through so many lines of business." Lindsley of the Chestnut-street Theatre being ill, Davenport on Aug. 25 took his place as Sir George Evelyn in "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are." Here, too, during the seasons of 1839-41, he sang in character as well as between pieces—"Billy Barlow," "Rory O'More," "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," and "The Striped Pig, or Liquor vs. Law," being his favorites. In addition, he was the Don Fernando when, on Oct. 21, 1839, the opera of "Fidelio" was first produced in Philadelphia. Nineteen years later he supported Charlotte Cushman vocal- ...

... upon that grand but ruinous revival of "King John." As joint-lessee, Mr. Davenport on Feb. 23, 1857, opened Burton's Chambers-street house (on the site of which now stands the American News Co.'s building) as the American Theatre; but the project was unsuccessful. Early in March of 1858 he seceded from the Arch-street, Philadelphia, where he had begun Aug. 17, 1857, as leading-man, reappearing at Burton's New Theatre, this city, in "The Coup d'Etat of Louis Napoleon;" and in the Summer of that year he was engaged in supporting Charlotte Cushman in Boston, New York, and other cities. For the season of 1858-9 he was engaged as leading-man at the ...

THE GREAT O. P. RIOTS
AT THE
COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1809.

COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER FROM DOCUMENTS, NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND PROGRAMMES NOW IN POSSESSION OF MR. GEO. W. THOMPSON.

[The Covent-garden Theatre, London, was opened by Richard Devoy in 1732. On Sept. 20, 1808, it was burned down, twenty persons losing their lives. It was rebuilt and was opened on Sept. 18, 1809, with a new scale of prices. The populace demanded a return to the old prices. It was not until the middle of the following December that the rioting ceased. It is the purpose of this series of papers to delineate its progress.—ED. CLIPPER.]

OCTOBER 17, 1809.

"THE ROAD TO RUIN" AND "PEEPING TOM."—Some of the heroes appeared in the boxes with O. P. (old prices) cut out of pasteboard and stuck in their hats. The following handbill was distributed:

LAST NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE AT NEW PRICES.
NEW THEATRE, COVENT-GARDEN.
This evening will be presented (for the first time) an operatic farce, in one act, entitled
IMPOSITION.

Avarice.... Pride.... Insolence.. Affectation.	Mr. John Philip Kemble

Being his last appearance before the public.

Foolhardy	Mr. Harris Juna
The False Swearer	Jimmy Box-office
First Informer	Long Gibbons
Second Informer	Count Snip of Castle street
Third Informer	The Blind Boy
Fourth Informer	The Battersea Fields Baron
New Prices vs. Old Prices, with the song of "Many a True Word Spoken in Jest"	Bully Raymond

...

... driven from the stage; apples, sticks, and in some cases stones, were thrown; and the curtain fell in the midst of a scene of the wildest excitement.

* The Key—a noted bagnio.

VAL VOSE,

whose portrait appears on the first page of this paper, was born in Manchester, Eng., Feb. 22, 1850, and came to this city with his parents in 1868. He made his professional debut at the Waverly Theatre, 720 Broadway, New York, during a brief season in January 1870, under management of James [illegible], a well-known comic singer, and Prof. Sylvester, "The Fakir of Oolu." Mr. Vose performed under the name of Davis, and his feats were confined to what is popularly known as "The Talking-head." In company with his brother, who gave feats of legerdemain, he started out, intending to make a tour of the country; but owing to their limited knowledge of the business, and being without public reputation, their first and last performances were given at Catskill, N. Y. They returned to this city, and decided to try their fortunes in the old country. Mr. Vose succeeded in obtaining an opening in Glasgow, Scotland, and his debut was so successful that he continued performing there for two months. After performing in many of the provincial towns of England, he received and accepted an offer from Fred Abrahams to open in London. He successfully passed the critical ordeal, and became a popular favorite. During this engagement John W. Smith, the vete- ...

BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB GAMES.

...

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy—Sentimental Ballads—Comic Songs—Theatrical Jokes—Circus Reminiscences—Old Playbills—Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

HOME AGAIN.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

With the opening of September the absentees are returning, and once more the streets are thronged with the butterflies of fashion and the more sedate and reserved members of our resident population. The theatres are also wheeling into line, the performers are taking their places in the ranks for the campaign of 1877-8, while the happy family of old and young may again be seen enjoying the many new productions presented for their entertainment. Our tableau shows one of these cheerful family gatherings, with old and young alike entering into the spirit of the play, all in their turns finding something in the novelty offered to enlist their attention and admiration. These theatrical representations are quite a relief to those who have been living in artificialities and clap-trap at the various Summer resorts. "Heartily welcome, every one," as the lamented Barney Williams used to sing.

GIVE ME BACK MY HEART AGAIN.
BY JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

Give me back my heart again,
  Let's forget the lonely past;
You have caused me grief and pain—
  Shadows o'er my pathway cast.
Life before us seemed so bright
  Till you broke the golden chain;
You have broken every plight—
  Give me back my heart again.
Chorus.—Give me back my heart again,
    You could never prize it now;
  You have severed love's own chain,
    You have broken every vow.

Give me back my heart again—
  Say you'll sometimes think of me;
I did not think I loved in vain,
  So fond, so true, and tenderly.
But then, alas! we now must part,
  To grieve through years that yet remain—
Though it may be a broken heart,
  Yet give it back to me again.
Chorus.—Give me back my heart again, etc.

Give me back my heart again,
  And then as strangers we will meet;
I'll stray at eve life's lonely lane
  That once I thought so fair and sweet;
The days may come, the days may go,
  But no bright days for me remain;
For time will bring but grief and woe—
  So give me back my heart again.
Chorus.—Give me back my heart again, etc.

COOLER THAN A CUCUMBER.

Self-composure and presence of mind in trying situations are admirable qualities. A gentleman whom we will call Mr. Granger was deservedly celebrated for his general imperturbability of character. In a leading provincial theatre, where he had free access behind the scenes, he was conversing one evening with a beautiful and accomplished actress who was to open the play, and who was already seated at the inevitable table, waiting for the curtain to rise. The conversation was so interesting that neither Mr. Granger nor the lady heard the tinkle of the warning-bell, and the curtain suddenly rose, revealing Mr. Granger to the audience. Did Mr. Granger rush away in the conventional fashion, pursued by the yells of the gallery and the not-even-attempted-to-be suppressed oath of the prompter? Nothing of the kind. Being in full evening-dress, he rose deliberately, with a low bow said: "I shall let Sir Charles know of your arrival. *Au revoir!*" and with great composure walked off the stage. During the evening there was much speculation among the auditors as to what had become of "Sir Charles," whose name was not in the bill, and considerable wonder why the gentlemanly actor did not appear again.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES RENEWED.

TOM THUMB "ON HAND."

Although it has been given out, time and again, that our little friend was about to retire, yet we find him, like Johnny Thompson's play, "On Hand" again.

"OUR BOYS."

This play, one of the most successful productions of the age, is now in its eight hundredth performance in London, and the end is not yet.

"DOD LIDDLE OLD GAME."
BY JOSEPH G. WOOD (DHER GERMAN AMBASSADOR).

Some beople are full of dher deffil,
  Vhile odhers are awfully tame;
You'll find some folks always gonniving,
  Und hadching some "liddle old game."
Dhough I'm a greenhorn in dhis goundry,
  My eyes aind so blindt I can't see;
I've had my "eye-teeth cud," I baed you,
  So don'd dry to blay dings on me!

Spoken.—Because, for dher reason why:

Chorus.—Id's no use! Id's no use!
    Eferywhere you vill find id dher same;
  Und a feller geds fool'd ligke dher doose sometimes
    Vhen he's blaying "dot liddle old game!"

Don'd dhink, 'cause a man is green in dis land,
  Dot you easy gan blay him a drick;
Dhere's a lod of shmard fellers who've dried it on me,
  Bud I baed you dhey've vend avhay sick.
Folks forgod dot dher land vhere I gome from
  Gontains beople who ged yoosd der same;
Dhey're as full of dricks dhere as dher folks ofer here,
  Und esbecially of "dot liddle old game."

Spoken.—Dot's a facd! I found id yoosd dher same in dhis ghoundry as id vhas in my own conndry. Vhen I firsd game ofer here, some of my goundrymen dot I knew agross dher sea dried to blay me for a fool; but dhey god sold, I baed you. Last week a friendt of mine game in und said awful shmard: "Say, Hans, did you efer see a horse *fly!*" "Yes, sir," I rebliad gwickly, "und I hafe also seen a shoe *fly!*" "Vhere did a greenhorn ligke you efer see a 'shoe fly?'" he asked. "Vhy," I said, "last veek, vhen I dook you home *drunk*, I saw your vife *led a shoe fly at your head!* und," said I, before he gould rebly, "I hafe also seen a *fur* fly!" "Dhere's no such a animal as a *fur-fly*," he said. "Aind dhere!" said I; "you yoosd sit on dher dop of a sixdeen-sdory denemend-house, some gwied sun-lighd nighd; und vhen you see two tom cats ged a-fighding, dhen you vhill blainly see *dher fur fly!*" He gave id ub dhen; und as he vend ond I said to him:

Chorus.—Id's no use! Id's no use! etc.

  Dhere's a saying as old as dher goundry we're in,
    I've heard id a dhousand dimes o'er;
  Id says: "Vhen a Greek anodher Greek meeds,
    Dher gwickly vhill be a big war!"
  Lasd nighd, in my blace, dwo fellers blayed gards—
    Id's as drue, sirs, as I am alife!—
  Vhile vone feller heldt *four aces* in hand,
    By tam, sir, *dher odher held FIVE!*

Spoken.—*Nine* aces in *vone* packs of gards! I was sdanding behind my bar, gounding how many bad gwarders und lead fife-cend bieces I had takin in during dher day, vhen I nodiced dhem dwo fellers fighding about dher game; so I vend over und asked: "Vhad's dher drupple here?" Vone feller said dher odher feller vas aduck for dher game, und vouldn'd gife in. "Vad's dher game!" said I. "Sefen in-side-ond," said dher feller. "Dhen," said I, "I'll gwick seddle dot; what kind of a hand hafe you got?" "*Four* aces und a king!" "Und vhat kind of a hand hafe you god?" "*Fife* aces!" "Vell, dhen," said I, "of course you *vin dher game; fife aces* vill beet *four aces und a king any dime!*" I had no sooner said dot vone feller had vined dher game, dhan dher odher feller knocked dher life out of me; und vhen I vas down dhey *both* god ad me. I jumped gwickly behind dher bar, und god "a hand" *full of clubs*; but before I gould use dhem dhey vas both "out;" und as dhey run down dher sdreed, I shouded afder dhem:

Chorus.—Id's no use! Id's no use! etc.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Clowns often give a recitation comparing a man's life with a game of cards, and from time to time we have been asked by many of our readers where a copy of the speech could be obtained. We now give space to it. First it is "cribbage." Next he tries to "go it alone," at a "cut, shuffle and deal" pace. Then he "gambols on the green." Then he "raises" the "deuce" when his mother "takes her hand in," and, contrary to Hoyle, "beats the little joker" with her "five." Then with his "diamond" he "wins" the "queen of hearts." Tired of "playing a lone hand," he expresses a desire to "assist" his fair "partner," "throws out his cards," and the clergyman takes a ten-dollar bill out of him on a "pair." She "orders him up" to build the fires. Like a "knave," he joins the "clubs," where he often gets "high," which is "low" too. If he keeps "straight," he is often flush. He grows old and "bluff," sees a "deal" of trouble when at last he "shuffles" off his mortal coil and "passes in his checks." As he is "raked in" by a "spade," life's fitful "game" is ended, and he waits the summons of Gabriel's "trump," which shall "order him up."

NEVER MIND; IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST.
Motto-song.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT McKAY,
BY HARRY BENNETT.

How many old maxims I constantly hear
  Which I can't put to practical use!
They ruffle my feelings, and grate on my ear—
  A sort of continual abuse.
I hate these stale saws—they're the bane of my life,
  They deprive me of comfort and rest;
But the one most odious to me is this:
  "Never mind; it is all for the best."

There's always some wiseacre standing about,
  Ever ready to give me advice;
He'll bring up old sayings—a hundred or more—
  As if one of them would not suffice!
When my better-half had three children at once,
  He, so anxious to cheer the distressed,
Met me on the street and consolingly said:
  "Never mind; it is all for the best."

"RED-HOT."

My mother-in-law died a short time ago,
  And I saw a good chance to get square;
I knew that this "sympathizing" friend of mine
  Would make haste to relieve me of care:
He entered the house with elongated phiz,
  And commenced, "Friend, I know you're oppressed"—
But stopped when I murmured with saintly repose:
  "Never mind; it is all for the best."
Keyport, N. J.

A STORY THAT IS TOLD OF MACREADY.

The late W. C. Macready, the English tragedian, was of a highly sensitive temperament and easily irritated. Many years ago he was about to play an engagement in Louisville, Ky., and the actors, knowing that he dreaded what he had been told about the lawlessness in the West and South, determined to give him a scare. At his first rehearsal every man, from the stage-manager down to the property-boy, had a revolver ominously sticking out from his clothes. Dave Sarzedas, stage-manager, was on the stage early to direct the piece. Mr. Venua, one of the leading actors, was not in the theatre at the time, and Macready began to chafe under the delay. At last Venua appeared, and Sarzedas uttered a remonstrance for keeping the distinguished star waiting. With an oath Venua drew his weapon, which was the signal for every man to do the same. Much alarmed at this seemingly real free fight about to take place, Macready endeavored to part the scowling, cursing combatants with: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, in the name of Heaven, in the name of law and of peace, let there be no bloodshed. It is a small matter to fight about. I—I forgive this worthy gentleman's tardiness, and hope that I may be peacemaker. For the love of Heaven, lay down your weapons, and let the rehearsal proceed quietly!" Allowing themselves to be persuaded, each man laid one or more pistols on the prompt-table, which was piled high with the dangerous instruments. During that entire engagement Macready found fault with no one, and was as mild as a lamb to everybody. The joke was too good to be kept, and it came round to his ears. He smiled, and said it was very good acting, but a—poor joke.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"MARTHE,"

a new four-act comedy by George Ohnet, was acted for the first time on Aug. 11 at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. The plot is as follows: Madame Aubertin has been married young to an old widower with two children—a boy and girl. She was soon left alone to take charge of Jean and Marthe, towards whom she showed all the careful solicitude of a real mother. Madame Aubertin is barely thirty when Jean has concluded his year's service as a volunteer, and Marthe has reached far into her teens—in fact, it is not too soon to think of finding her a husband. A M. De Brivade is a constant visitor at Madame Aubertin's house, and passes long hours alone with her. They are attached to each other. M. De Brivade is two years younger than the lady, but that is a disparity of no consequence: and, as he is his own master, and their attachment is mutual, there is no apparent obstacle to their becoming man and wife. M. De Brivade is a handsome, imposing-looking man, and Marthe, seeing him every day coming to the house, takes a girlish fancy to him, and imagines that his visits are intended for her. She does not think of Madame Aubertin, who in her eyes is an old woman, a mother, and nothing more. Marthe had confided this secret passion to her brother while he was with his regiment, and her letters describing her feelings gave pleasure to Jean, who knows M. De Brivade, and thinks he would make an excellent brother-in-law. So the liberated volunteer returns to the family hearth full with the idea of concluding the marriage as soon as possible. The first moment, consequently, that he finds himself alone with his stepmother he blurts out: "M. De Brivade comes very often: people will soon begin to chatter about his visits; when is the wedding to take place?" Madame Aubertin starts at the word, for she fancies it refers to herself, but is soon undeceived and made aware that Marthe loves M. De Brivade. The latter gradually shifts round from the woman to whom he had professed himself to be so ardently attached, and, consenting to the sacrifice she makes, agrees to give his hand to the young, thoughtless girl, who declares she will die if he does not make her his wife. But before this result is attained and the spectators are dismissed, a series of complications intervene. M. De Brivade, who possesses a key to Madame Aubertin's apartment, comes to seek a final explanation. People who are interested in finding that lady in the wrong become aware of this furtive visit, and hasten to tell Jean that a robber has slipped into the house. The crack-brained young man rushes about from room to room, until he reaches that of his stepmother, where he is stopped on the threshold by Marthe, who tells him that she has searched, and that there is no one in Madame Aubertin's apartment. But no sooner has Jean turned his back than the girl bids an old friend of the family help M. De Brivade to escape. "He is," she says, "in my mother's room." Later on, the scatter-brained Jean learns that De Brivade is once more in his mother's room, whereupon he kicks up a terrible row, creates a tremendous scandal, challenges that gentleman, and all is arranged for an absurd duel. But all seems to be settled on the ground—satisfactorily for the persons concerned at least, if not for the audience, as the intending combatants return safe and sound, without having proceeded to hostilities. Marthe is convinced that her stepmother has never had a criminal intrigue with M. De Brivade, whose hand the fiery Jean places in that of his sister, and an elderly Baron, who had played a subordinate part in the preceding action, makes Madame Aubertin his wife. This strained, unnatural, and really ridiculous conclusion puts the finishing touch to a wearisome series of false situations, and the curtain falls on two as ill-assorted couples as were ever linked together on a stage. Mlle. Legault appeared as the heroine, Madame Fromentin as Madame Aubertin, Pujol as De Brivade, and Abel as Jean.

"TWINE THE PLAIDEN,"

a drama from the pen of G. R. Walker, received its initial representation on Aug. 10 at the Theatre [illegible]

[illegible]

AQUATIC.

THREE-MILE SCULLERS' RACE.
Courtney Defeats Riley and Plaisted.
FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.

The sculling race for a purse and stake of eight hundred dollars, in which the principals were Charles E. Courtney, James H. Riley and Fred A. Plaisted, came off on Saratoga Lake, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, Aug. 28, and terminated in the victory of the first named, who knocked several seconds off the best time ever before accomplished in a three-mile race, although he evidently had something in hand at the finish, and was therefore capable of doing even better than he found occasion to do then. The race in question was brought about through the instrumentality of John Morrissey and H. G. Meeker, the latter of whom suggested that a race on the lake in which Courtney and Riley could be brought together, and which should be thrown open to all who could furnish an entrance fee sufficiently large to keep out all second-raters, would be exceedingly interesting to the public, and correspondingly profitable for Saratoga. The suggestion found favor in the eyes of Morrissey, and during the latter part of July he publicly announced that he would give a purse of $500 to the winner of a three-mile scullers' race, open to all, each competitor to pay an entrance fee of $100, and the entire amount to be handed to the victor. It had been thought probable that the inducement offered would be great enough to insure the attendance of several other oarsmen from different parts of the country; but such did not prove to be the case, only those named above—whose participation was assured at the time the offer was made—came to the post. However, what the devotees and admirers of the rowing art particularly desired to see was a decisive settlement of the question of superior prowess between Courtney and Riley, whose fiasco at Greenwood Lake July 14 had but served to whet public appetite for a trial of skill and strength between them: consequently the absence of other aquatic stars was not regretted by many—in fact the majority would have preferred that no one at all save "Charley" and "Jim" had taken part in the contest; and the sequel proved that, had the race been confined to them, there would have been no occasion for the fault-finding subsequently indulged in by Riley, nor is it probable that any question would have arisen as to the decisiveness of the struggle. The expectations that the race would attract to the course a greater throng than had yet been at this fashionable resort during the season were realized to the fullest extent, the resources of the several hotels being pretty well tested the night previously, while the trains, regular and special, which arrived on the morning of the race brought large additions to the numbers who had gone before. Facilities for reaching the course were ample, however, and, to those whose democratic proclivities ran in the direction of omnibuses and carryalls of less pretentious appearance, the price of transportation to the lakeside was very reasonable; but, as upon all such occasions, livery proprietors and hackmen sent the tariff 'way up, and reaped their closing harvest of the season of '77, which to them has been less golden than for some years past. As the time of starting was set between eleven o'clock A. M. and one o'clock P. M., people were astir earlier than usual, and the broad, well-kept road to the lake was soon crowded with vehicles of every imaginable description, the procession continuing for several hours, and everybody submitting good-naturedly to the discomforts and inconveniences to which upon occasions like this pleasure-seekers are unavoidably subjected, and which they in time learn to bear with becoming patience. The greater part of the multitude—estimated at considerably over ten thousand—took up their station in the neighborhood of Moon's, the lawn which slopes down from the hotel to the water's edge being black with people, while the shores of the lake as far up as Point Breeze were thickly fringed with spectators. While they are waiting for the appearance of the trio of scullers, we will present for the reader's enlightenment brief sketches of the men who are to do the pulling:

[illegible]

THE RACE.

[illegible]

TARRYER OUTSCULLS BRIAN AND BEATS RECORD-TIME.

[illegible]

THE TRICKETT-RUSH RACE.

[illegible]

BASEBALL.

INDIANAPOLIS vs. HARTFORD.

[illegible]

BOSTON vs. LOUISVILLE.

[illegible]

LIVE OAK vs. RHODE ISLAND.

[illegible]

ST. LOUIS vs. BUCKEYE.

[illegible]

MUTUAL vs. DIPPOLD.

[illegible]

ALLEGHENY CLUB GAMES.

[illegible]

CINCINNATI vs. HARTFORD.

[illegible]

LIVE OAK vs. MANCHESTER.

[illegible]

BOSTON vs. CINCINNATI.

[illegible]

CHICAGO vs. ROCHESTER.

[illegible]

LOUISVILLE vs. RHODE ISLAND.

[illegible]

WALKER'S CASE.

[illegible]

THE GAME OF CHESS.

[illegible]

CHEQUERS.

[illegible]

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Sept. 3.

LADIES'.

Anderson, Mrs George | Gray, Mattie | Radcliff, Carrie Harding
Allen, Mad. (glass-blower) | Garland, Grace | Bowley, Mrs. Jas. D. (2)
Allen, Georgie (of Allen's Plant. Co.) | Gilmore, Alice | Ransom, Alice
Blande, Edith | Gill, Rose & Willie | Rainford, Minnie
Brooks, Mrs. Kate | Herring, Fannie |
Brennan, Emma (2) | Hyer Sisters |
Belmont, Lotino &c. | Harlow, Rose (p.o. m. E. Indies) |
Beverley, Mrs. Maude | Harrison, Alice |
Bidwell, Dollie | Howard, Maude (of Soldene's Co.) |
Blitz, Mrs. Rosa | Jemome, Fannie |
Barrett, Lizzie | Jutan, Emma |
Caselli, Madam | Janauschek's Co., Manag. |
Connelly, Mrs. Marie | Jasper, Marie |
Oberle, Adelaide | Kenyon, Lida |
Clifton, Ada | Lewis, Carrie |
Chambers, Augusta | Lee, Madam |
Clifton, Blanche | La Rue, Mrs. Ella (2) |
Cawthorne, Mrs. | Laverde, Kittie |
Clifton, Ada (actress) | Leontine, Mlle. |
De Rosa, Josephine | Mitchell, Maggie |
Dixon, Blanche | Mell, Rose |
Durand, Kittie | Mitchell, Lottie |
Deland, Annie | May, Etta |
Dunler, Mrs. Tony | Mortimer, Estelle |
De Alvis Sisters (2) | Marshall, Virginia |
Dearden, Fannie | Marretta, Millie (of Robbins' Cir.) |
Davenport, Gracie | Mayo, Ella (2) |
De Vere, Lida (2) | McLaughlin, Mrs. W. G. |
De Alvis, Lillie | Miller, Mrs. Adelaide |

[...]

Foster, T. J. (adv. agent) | Nobles, Milton | Young, Chas. W.
Franklin, Jno. H. | Nicholls, R. Hamilton &c. | Yates, Ben
Franklin, Mr. | Noyes, A. C. | Zera, Prof.
 | Owen, W. F. | Zanfretta, Alex.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Sept. 3, '77.

According to popular belief, the Summer's ended. It went out like a blast from a fiery furnace, scattering its caloric on all things, animate and inanimate, and giving every man the delusive appearance of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow and other portions of his anatomy. It came upon us at a time when we were congratulating ourselves that the sweltering days of the Summer had terminated, and that we were about to enter upon the enjoyment of pleasant days and nights. It sent back to the sea-shore hundreds of those who had prematurely discounted the end of the heated term, and it necessitated the hurried closing-up of those mansions which had reopened at the first admonition of the coming of the Autumn term, of those melancholy days about which the sweet poet, so well *Post*-ed on such subjects, has so beautifully discoursed. Old Sol upset all calculations, laughed at the alleged arrival of those days denominated the saddest of the year, and made us realize how unsubstantial are the creations of human will and human hopes. The theatrical season, which was inaugurated with the closing week of August, and which "gave early evidence of future excellence," was knocked higher than the proverbial kite as the night lengthened and the heat strengthened, and audiences grew small by 90 degrees and upwards, and continued to assume unbeautifully less proportions as the Fire King maintained his probable unrelentless reign. Even those blonde divinities, whose wardrobe may be inclosed in a silver thimble, complained of the enervating effects of the heat, and might have even discarded their thimbleful of clothing had there been no law against indecent exposure and nude performances. But a change has now come o'er the spirit of "A Midsummer-night's Dream," and delightful measures of invigorating airs attend our waking as well as our slumbering hours......The old scythebearer has been viewing the land, cutting down the ripened fruit, and gathering in *his* harvest of the souls of men. Since our last communion with our friends, King Death has been busy. Some, who were full of years and ripened honors, have bowed their heads beneath his sweeping stroke, and joined that innumerable caravan whose march is onward toward the grave. Youths just budding and unfolding the beauties of a new life have been prematurely cut down ere yet the sins of the world had time to tarnish their purity and innocence. In another part of this issue of THE CLIPPER may be found the roll of rare old King Death, and many a heart will throb and many an eye will be moistened as the list of the dead is glanced at, and the names of the loved and lost meet the half-averted gaze of those who are left to mourn the absence of friends who have crossed "over the river," over the mystical river of Death!......Everything is calculated just now to fill the heart with gloomy forebodings, and make us pause and ponder. We now learn that the fair land of Italy, with its sunny skies and balmy airs, is in sore distress, no less than twenty-nine theatres being tenantless for the carnival season. What a terrible showing is this! And what has caused it? The problem is not difficult of solution: it is one of the dreadful results of the late railroad strikes in Pennsylvania.......During the late heated campaign, the "sculpturesque" Eliza Weathersby, albeit not trammeled with other than silken tights and airy fabrics, expressed an ardent desire to "hang her clothes on a hickory limb," in order to give freer play to her own symmetrical limbs. The charming Eliza, however, is ever exuberant, let the Weathersby warm or cool. ..... And this reference to sweet spirits and their airy undress uniforms induces us to suggest that spirit-wrappers are the most fitting costumes for ghosts!......While the spirit moves us, as our Quaker readers would say, we wish to introduce a verse of readable poetry on the subject of

LITTLE PEOPLE.

"The Midgets" seem to be
Twin showman's benefactions;
And though they're very *small*,
They're awful *big attractions!*

......No matter how hot the weather may be, no matter if we know we shall be broiled and roasted, still must we on in the honest effort to take in the theatres, and all thereas, for the benefit of our readers who are pining at Saratoga or swimming at Long

[...]

IN MEMORIAM—BEN DE BAR.

Died Aug. 28, 1877.

Another added to the silent number,
One to whose lot fell honors thick and fast;
Wrapped in a mantle of eternal slumber,
His troubled soul rests peacefully at last.

A veteran dead! His mental sight had faded
For months before his spirit passed away;
Yet our belief can scarcely grasp, unaided,
This transformation into lifeless clay.

Our stage has lost full many a brilliant jewel
From out the crown that Fame upholds with pride;
And now Death's hand, though ever cold and cruel,
Seems doubly so since Ben De Bar has died.

A genial humor his, of royal flavor,
That shook the playhouse with electric mirth.
Ah! smiles will pass away, and thoughts grow graver,
When we reflect that he has gone from earth.

Farewell, old friend; and may you through the portal
Of purer scenes pass tranquilly to peace;
And, in the sunlight of a world immortal,
Dwell 'mid a happiness that cannot cease.

BEN DE BAR died at half-past six o'clock Tuesday morning, Aug. 28, at his residence, in St. Louis, Mo. The readers of THE CLIPPER have already been informed of his sudden illness while in New York a month ago, and of his subsequent removal to St. Louis. On the morning of the 28th he was placed in a rocking-chair for a few moments, and when he was returned to his bed the change in his condition so alarmed his attendants that they called Mrs. De Bar and Mrs. Dexter, a daughter of Mr. De Bar by his first wife. They were recognized by the patient, who smiled faintly, gasped, and passed away without a struggle. The causes of his death were paralysis and softening of the brain. Mr. De Bar's illness having brought forth many new and interesting phases, the leading physicians of the city determined on a post-mortem examination of the brain. The autopsy showed that it was above the average size, its weight being 51¼ ounces. The scientific description of his disease is "atheromatous degeneration of left middle cerebral artery, with atrophic softening in the neighborhood of the fissure silvius, and probable thrombus in affected artery." Deceased was a Mason of good standing, having been a member of Missouri Lodge No. 1 for the past twenty years. His remains were taken in charge by the fraternity, who conducted the funeral ceremonies. An imposing catafalque was erected in the large hall of the Masonic building, and on the morning of the 29th the body of the late actor was placed beneath its canopy, where it remained in state until the middle of the next day. It is estimated that not fewer than 35,000 people visited the hall during the days of the 29th and 30th. The floral offerings were numerous, and very beautiful in design. At the foot of the casket stood a harp made of tube-roses, callas and other white flowers, the gift of Charles Spalding, proprietor of the Olympic Theatre. Two pieces, representing the Masonic square and compass, with the letter "G" in the centre, were the offerings of the fraternity. A Maltese cross and a wreath of tuberoses were presented by C. M. Ellard. The funeral was advertised to take place from the Masonic Hall at 1.30 P. M., but long before the appointed time the hall was filled with a dense mass of people. The members of the profession were provided with seats at the left of the stage, and the combined orchestras of the Opera-house, Olympic Theatre [...]

IN MEMORIAM.

E. L. Davenport: Died Sept. 1, 1877.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh, saddest, sternest play of all,
In which the curtain is a pall,
Another answers to thy call;
Another, who hath played his part
With purpose high,
Who trod the rugged paths of Art
Too well to die.

We stand to-day with bated breath
To watch the tragedy called Death.
No sound of music breaks the air,
No plaudits ring, no footlights glare,
But motionless the player there
Is lying low.
What mask is this which hides his face,
Which robs it of its wonted grace?
Alas; we know

That never more we shall behold
The features lighted as of old,
Which now are rigid grown and cold.
Are these the eyes that flashed with fire
When passion reigned—
That softened under sweet desire
When love was gained?
Are these the lips, so mute and white,
That thrilled us with a fresh delight,
That spoke in Brutus' lofty speech,
That voiced the crafty Overreach?
And is there nothing to us left?—
Of honor is he now bereft?
Or shall we say that all is past
Since he has joined Death's countless cast?

Ah, well for us and well for him
That Death can never wholly dim
The lustre of an honored name.
More precious far than all his fame
The memory which he leaves behind.
Industrious, gentle, true, and kind,
These were the virtues of our friend,
Whose earthly role is at an end.
Who shaped his course upon the plan
Of justice to his fellow-men;
Who acted life's eventful play
In honor and in truth alway,
And held, in every shifting part,
His manhood dearer than his art.

So, while to-day we stand and gaze
Upon this saddest of all plays,
There comes, like sunshine through the gloom,
The cheering thought that not the tomb
Can claim the better part of him:
And though our eyes with tears be dim,
Our faith shall teach us still to see
The beauty of Death's tragedy,
And sweet for us to know his memory
No shadow mars,
That he has joined that glorious company
Where all are stars!—VANDYKE BROWN.

E. L. DAVENPORT died at his country residence, in Canton, Pa., at nine minutes to twelve o'clock A. M. Sept. 1. His disease was rheumatism, with which he had suffered at intervals for some years past, and his illness became dangerous only during the early part of the past week. He retained consciousness until the last, and said a parting word to each of his family, who were all with him save Miss Blanche, who is now in Milan, Italy, and Miss May, who returned from England Sept. 3. He leaves a widow and seven children—the Misses Fanny, Lillie (Mrs. Frost Thorn), Blanche, May, Florence, and Masters Edgar and Harry. His remains are to be brought to this city, arriving Sept. 3, and will be taken to Miss Fanny Davenport's residence, No. 130 East Twenty-eighth street. The funeral has been announced to take place at noon Tuesday, Sept. 4; but at this writing it is thought [...]

ADAMS AND LEE, musical specialty artists (unjoined a successful two weeks' engagement at the Theater Comique, this city, Sept. 1. We print from Manager Hanlon, published in our business department, endorses their act as an attractive performance. They open with the Comique at Brynn's Opera-house Sept. 10.

THE PARADISE COMIQUE, Long Branch, N. J., is to close a season of twelve weeks Sept. 10, and the company is to appear in Schenectady, N. Y. Jul. 15. It will be known as the Long Branch Combination, and is composed as follows: Jonh Schmuttz, proprietor; W. J. Potter, stage-manager; Frank Burns, Harry Shelton, Jim Carlton, Jack Ryan, the Paver Brothers—Wash. and Eddie—Annie Jackson, and Aggie Wood.

A LADY AUTHOR is wanted to learn the trapeze business. See Frank De Moss' card.

A. M. BAYLISS advertises for a partner in clog and reel dancing.

LEONARD AND WAGNEY, the Irish Emigrants, in their North-of-Ireland specialties and Lancashire clog, lip and reel dancing, are with Tony Pastor's menagerie. They publish in our business department a list of their various acts.

BALLET-DANCERS and ballets with specialties are wanted at London Pavilion, Hartford, Ct. Address Harry Lester, business-manager.

PERFORMERS can secure time at the Metropolitan Roof Theatre, Newark, N. J., by addressing the Fred Waldmann, the proprietor, who advertises in this issue.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted at Harry Hill's Theatre, this city, especially a soubrette and a singer. See card.

AT LEON'S VARIETIES, Locust Point, Md., the company at our latest advices included Molly Lacre, Harry Butler, Little Nell, Lee Wallace, Leina Dedomond, Harry Sheridan, Jim Carlton, Annie Wells, Mollie Leon, Alice Florence, Johnny Remington, Wright, Brown and Wright, and Gertie Whitman.

WM. J. BILLS, novelty artist, can be addressed care of this office.

MAUD PRESTON, vocalist, and Edward Warner, comedian, in their bellringing duess, act, can be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

TWO EXE-MEN, a banjoist, a violinist, song-and-dance men and a tenr are wanted by D. O. Carle, who advertises.

THE ROBINSON FAMILY—Lizzie, Nellie and Maude Dick—having just returned from the South, are now open for engagements. See card.

JOHNSON AND BRUNO, acrobatic and contortion song-and-dance artists and linguists, are now at the Salon Comique, San Francisco, where they have been successfully performing during the last six months. See card.

FROM THE BLACK HILLS we have the following intelligence, dated Deadwood, Aug. 21: "Steve Conroy and wife, George Bailey and Lizzie Estelle Valdie, their mother and agent, left Aug. 15 by mule-back for Cheyenne. They place his expected to reach in about thirteen days. The Gem theater here has suspended, but business is bad. The Bella Union is closed, but it is to be opened for business—Sundays, Aug. 26 and Sept. 2 and Gilmyer's 22. Business of all Hinds is dull as a tomb, and prospects are very worse. Baby and James McDonald are here, idle. Mr. McDonald has been seated by his wife on Aug. 19 with a ten-pound boy. A traveling company will leave here in five days for the Red-river country. It is organized as follows: Jennie Rosedale, Ada Lee, Kittie Lee, Frankie Howard, George A. Beane, Gilday and Gilman, and an orchestra.

CINCINNATI VARIETY INTELLIGENCER is furnished by our correspondent under date of Sept. 1, as suspended: "Wood's Theatre is being painted inside and out, and otherwise refitted preparatory to its opening 10 by Messrs. Alms & Miller. Of Haverly's national company, so far as engaged, will comprise Pat Rooney, Wallace and Hughes, J. W. Ardenne, Tommy Turner, Capt. George Lishin, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Roberts, Mlle. Fontabelle, Mlle. Lucy, Lulu Francis, Lizzie Mulvey, and Minnie Clyde. Ed Upton will be sold ..... Wagner and Gregory, horizontal-bar and barrel performers, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mulvey (Miss Lizzie Hall), Johnny Morrissey in his Ethiopian act, "A Night of Fun," Jerry Cavana in a sketch "The Baby Elephant," and Hinch, the new people at Heuck's Opera-house 26. Business Manager Department, Jas. Dickson, and Lucy Adams, Indianapolis; Charles Diamond, Baltimore; Ingold and Lee, Philadelphia; Miss Louise Minic. Opening 2: Hilda Thomas, Ifeld sister, Hilgard and Bennett, Lizzie Ogle, Cole and Johnson ..... The new people at Schickling's Music Hall this week are Dan Bryant, Bryant and Ward, minstrels, pleasing vocalists, and John Fisher, an accomplished man. Big good. Departures Sept. 1: Parker Sisters, Chicago; Ill.; Hilda Thomas, Bay, Pennsylvania; and John Fisher. Arrivals 2: Joe Norton, Billy and Mollie Carlton, Jack Ryan, May Loder, De Leon and Showers, and Adrienne Gray ..... Gilmyer and Alder Sept. 22 introduce a hat dance which was a feature, Pauline Bernard as accomplished vocalist, Zoe Gomez and Mons. Searles on the trapeze opened Aug. 27 at the Masonic Opera-house, Omaha. The drama of 'Cartouche,' with Walter Bean in the title-role, constituted the wind-up. Big good. Departures Sept. 1: Rice Bros., Songa-and-dance and Vicoroelli, Buffalo; Thatcher and Hume, Chicago; Simmons and Jones, Chicago; Mons. Searles and Mons. Searles, Columbus; Charles and May Loder, Shelbyville, Ind.; Ed. Warfield, Pauline Bernard, and the Tudors. Opening 2: Mollie and Modoc, George Wood, Lizzie Richards, Grace Garland, Agnes Sutherland, Lizzie Barnes, William Hall, Jack Indwood and Cohn in 'The Mollie McGuire.' ..... Pauline, serio-comic, and Franklin Sidney, ballad-etc, were the new people at the Eldorado 24. His Hill and Lizzie Davis closed. Nellie Holloway opens 2 ..... The Richardson Brothers at Bronson Hills yesterday ..... The Coliseum is announced to open 24.

THE ATTRACTION at the Globe Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Aug. 27, was Frank Jones, who presented his play of "The Black Hand." On the appearance of the curtain the dience was so large that many were turned away. The play was put on the stage in good style, the railroad-scene in the second act being especially worthy of mention. Mr. Jones brought with him Miss Alice Monogan and Miss Ella Dunn, the former appearing as Alice Hazleton, and the latter giving a very correct representation of a servant fam. Samuel M. Drake made his first appearance at the house as the villain, and made the play was preceded by a short olio, in which Miss Fanny Reed Wallace, Miss Ella Dunn, very good clog-dance and a song-and-dance. Sadie Freeman, Miss Ella Dunn, Miss Ella

RATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rate for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTHER USEFUL INFORMATION.

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CITY HOTEL, NEW HAVEN, CT.—Having refitted and refurnished all the rooms in the CITY HOTEL, I am now prepared to accommodate all theatrical, minstrel and other traveling companies at very moderate rates. Managers and agents will find it for their interests to give me a call before making arrangements elsewhere. HARRY FLYNN, Proprietor City Hotel, 24-3t* cor. Union and Wooster streets, New Haven.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.
HAWKES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Only theatre in the city. Own all billboards.
W. T. CANADA,
22-2t Manager, Box 266.

FOR SALE—A COMPLETE SET OF SWISS BELLS, silver-plated, four octaves, chromatic scale. Price $250. Address "SWISS BELLS," care of F. A. SEARLE, 262 Washington st., Boston, Mass. 23-3t

TO MANAGERS AND AGENTS.—I have very desirable billing-places, and can offer extra inducements to parties desiring to play this city on sharing terms. Can furnish first-class hotel and baggage contracts if desired. Address DE FOREST DAVIS, 22-4t Proprietor International Hotel, Kalamazoo, Mich.

COLLINS' HALL, SOUTH ADAMS, MASS. With scenery, gas. Accommodates 600. Manufacturing town, 5,000 inhabitants. Terms reasonable. 20-13t* Address ISAAC COLLINS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CITY OF ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO, CANADA.
TO LET BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK.
This new and beautiful theatre will be completed on September 1 next, with a full and complete stock of scenery and stage equipments, and fitted up in the most elegant style with opera-chairs, etc. Seating capacity, 1,200; size of stage, 58x34ft., with fire-escapes and all modern improvements. The city of St. Catharines is situated on the Great Western Railway, twelve miles from Niagara Falls, and has a population of 14,000. The above is the only theatre in the city. [20-13t*] Address JAMES McEDWARDS, Secretary.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
DES MOINES, IA.
New hall now building; seats 700; first-class in every respect; good stage, with twelve changes; will be completed Sept. 15. For rent or sharing terms, address 19-13t* WM. FOSTER, Proprietor.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.
Important to any gentleman who is so unfortunate as to bruise his face or eyes. The discolorment concealed beyond detection in a few minutes at LYSANDER THOMPSON'S Art Studio, 28 W. Fourth street, New York.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TAUGHT THE ART OF MAKING UP FOR THE STAGE by an artist and actor of experience. 21-13t

OPERA-HOUSE,
complete in every particular,
BEDFORD, IND.,
will be ready for the use of first-class troupes by Sept. 1, 1877. Address JAMES S. McFEETERS,
21-4t Superintendent B. L. & F. Co.

MAGIC, MAGIC, MAGIC.
The oldest and most reliable establishment in this country. Magical apparatus of every description. Our new 60-page illustrative and descriptive catalogue just out. Price 15c. [21-4t*] HENRY STONE, 297 Pearl st., N. Y.

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY—Magical apparatus and tricks for stage or parlor; also juggling-balls, knives, etc. All of the best finish. Prices very low. Send 15c. for catalogue, or 3c. for price-list. THOS. W. YOST, 35 North 9th st., Philadelphia, Pa. [21-13t*

CIRCUS LIGHTS.
KIDD'S
PATENT LIGHTS,
PRICES REDUCED,
are the
CHEAPEST, BEST, AND MOST DURABLE.
SOLE AGENTS,
TAYLOR & BASSEMIR,
1-26t* 97 Cliff street, N. Y.

OPERA-HOUSE,
SHERMAN, TEXAS.
POPULATION 8,000.
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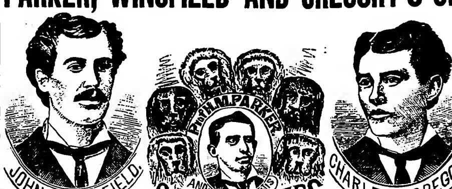

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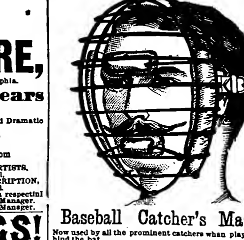

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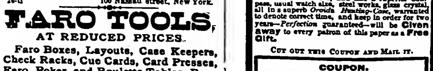

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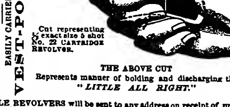

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